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LETTERS FROM OUR BOYS

THOSE little bits which you read to friends from letters from husbands, sons or sweethearts in the fighting forces will interest and comfort other Australians through this page. The Australian Women's Weekly invites readers to send in copies of the sections of letters which they think may interest others. £1 is paid for each extract published on this page.

Sergeant E. H. Schablon, with a postal unit in Palestine, to his sister Elsie, London Rd., Clayfield, Brisbane:

"WITH this awful rush of Christmas mail and parcels it is impossible for us to get leave. As our nearest town, Tel-Aviv, is some miles away, we do not get a chance to do any shopping. The other day I sent a 'wog' into town to purchase three pairs of underpants for me. After a lot of explaining and making signs to him about what I wanted he seemed to understand, so off he went and returned later in the day with the parcel. When I opened it I nearly collapsed as he had bought me three pairs of ladies' scanties—one pink, one blue and one white. As you cannot return goods over here, I decided to have a go at wearing them, and now that I'm used to them I find them quite comfortable. The most embarrassing part is my 'waaahing' day."

Warrant-Officer W. H. Jones in Syria to his sister, Mrs. W. Thompson, Canterbury Rd., Middle Park, Vic.:

"ONE of our cooks bought a goose about three weeks ago. He keeps it around the cook-house and was fattening it up for Christmas, but I don't think it will be eaten now as it has become a real mascot with the boys. Every night it walks into the canteen and the boys pour beer down its throat. Last night, I'll guarantee that, although they were celebrating a birthday, the goose drank more than some of the lads themselves. At 10 o'clock the canteen closes, so the party not being over the lads adjourned to their tent. It was pitch dark, but about five minutes later up came the goose and he finished up sleeping in the tent with them."

Corp. F. S. Ormiston in Darwin to Miss C. A. Fisher, Midson Rd., Epping, N.S.W.:

"BOY, have a new mascot. We were out on a route march last Friday and we found a baby goat. You should just see him—white, and all legs. He was the cause of quite a lot of trouble on Saturday. We had the usual battalion parade. B Coy. marched on, with Wilbur (our goat) bringing up the rear. Everyone started to laugh. Poor Wilbur just bleated, and the C.O. went red, white and blue."

A prisoner of war in Germany to Mrs. F. G. Gersden, Golden Square, Vic.:

"I AM a prisoner of war in Germany. I was captured last April 26. We were doing a rearguard and could not get away, but we put up a good fight. I was lucky I came out of it without a scratch. One of my ten coppers got killed, poor chap. A plane got him. It was terrible while it lasted. I am in a camp of two hundred. We are making a road and work ten hours a day for about 6/- a week. But we cannot spend it on anything but tobacco now and again. The food is all potatoes and cabbage. We see meat now and then, but we have to make the best of it. I am in good condition, but I miss the old drink of beer. I have received four Red Cross parcels of food. They are very welcome."

A leading seaman in the R.A.N. to a friend in Altona, Vic.:

"WE had six hours' leave in Alexandria and Keith and I went to an Egyptian cinema. The film had been made locally and all the gruesome sights and ugly scenery of Alexandria were shown. The actors and actresses

Winnie the war winner



"Well, they told me to report to No. 4 Battery for guard duty—"

wore the same clothes throughout the performance.

"Half-way through the show they had an interval, and then we had another lull in the programme while an air raid was on.

"The acting was very poor and something after the style of silent movies. The girls always walked as though they were carrying pitchers of water on their heads.

"Every now and then the hero would sing a love-song about a white rose that his girl had given to him, and as Egyptian music has only four notes in it you can imagine what it was like.

"The concluding scene was the hero standing outside the barred iron gate of the girl's residence gazing longingly inside, till his emotion apparently overcame him, and for the last time he broke into a choking, sobbing woe and retraced his steps down the roadway.

"I am sure he must have died after singing that final song. I nearly killed us listening to it, and he had to sing it."

Sgt.-Pilot G. McClelland with the R.A.F. in England to his mother, Mrs. Violet McClelland, Enoggera Rd., Newmarket, Qld.:

"IN Hollywood we were the guests of Warner Brothers.

"We had a look all over the studio, and another chap and I walked in on a picture being made.

"We saw the three stars, Kay Francis, Walter Huston, and Gloria Warren (a new 16-year-old singer). After the scene was finished we were introduced to Miss Warren, who was very nice, and is beautiful. We told her that we would see this picture particularly, the title being 'Ever in My Heart'.

"After lunch we visited Beverly Hills, and saw the beautiful homes where most of the stars live.

"We were inclined to think that Australians went a little mad when the American Fleet visited Australia, but no more so than the Americans when we hit Honolulu."

Capt. J. W. Wyatt, en route from Staff College, Quetta, to Malaya, to his father in Launceston, Tas.:

"NOBODY knows much about what I should do, and more delightful still, nobody cares, least of all myself.

"The only instructions I had are to report at Singapore at once—all too easy.

"I am at the moment at the home

of an Indian problem man at Multan, on the edge of the Sind Desert.

"Part of the trip was the most desolate I have ever seen, not a shrub or tree for about 200 miles. Two groups of the most villainous tribesmen I have ever seen came towards us, but when they saw what we had done over our shoulders decided to depart.

"The Governor of the Punjab, Lord Clancy, and Lady Clancy are visiting Multan, so my host decided to give a small party in their honor.

"Only about half the guests could come, but as he had invited some 800 it did not matter much. Huge canopies hand-worked all over were erected on the lawns, which were covered with masses of gorgeous Persian rugs.

"Thousands of potted chrysanthemums lined the quarter-mile drive to the house, and were piled high in front. The Moslem religious head welcomed the guests. He is a poverty-stricken old boy, and only gets 3 lakhs of rupees a year from the Shrine (a lakh is 100,000 rupees, and a rupee is worth 2/- Australian money, about £30,000 a year)."

A sergeant in the Middle East to a friend in Mackay, Qld.:

"MY visit to Cairo Cathedral on the King's Day of Prayer has left a lasting and indelible impression in my mind.

"I got the last seat five rows from the front. I sat next to a colonel, a matron with her pips on her shoulder, and a corporal.

"Rank was nothing. Colonels and majors sat with privates, and the R.A.P., the nursing profession, and even the Navy were there in full strength—1500 in all, with only about 100 people in civilian clothes.

"A lovely choir of 16 women in royal-purple gowns and mortarboards and about 20 men (most of them wearing uniforms under their surplices) slowly marched down the length of the cathedral singing 'Through all the Changing Scenes of Life'.

"There were four ministers, the sermon being preached by the Chaplain-General of the R.A.P. in the Middle East. Three of the four ministers wore war ribbons, too.

"It was just the ordinary form of Evensong that you know so well, and the two final hymns were 'Onward Christian Soldiers,' and 'The Day Thou Gavest, Lord, is Ended,' followed by the National Anthem, which I have never heard sung so well before. It was just as though it were a heartfelt prayer to 'Send Him Victorious.'"

Let's talk of INTERESTING PEOPLE



MAJ.-GEN. R. M. DOWNES

... Medicine in war

INSPECTOR-GENERAL Medical Services, Major-General R. M. Downes is largely responsible for putting medicine on a war footing in Australia. He directed the building up of reserves of drugs, instruments, and other medical equipment to offset possible shortage in a blockade of Australia.

Major-General Downes recently returned from inspection tour of India and Middle East.



MISS NORNIE GUDE

... Art scholarship

YOUNG Melbourne artist Miss Nornie Gude has been awarded the Melbourne National Gallery's Travelling Scholarship, valued at £225 a year for two years.

Miss Gude has been a student at the gallery for past five years, and has had her pictures hung in exhibitions. She hopes to travel on her scholarship after the war.



MR. J. B. BRIGDEN

... Helps Casey

APPOINTED economist to the Australian Minister in Washington (Mr. R. G. Casey), Mr. J. B. Brigden will assist the Legation in dealing with economic problems between the United States and Australia, particularly those arising from the Lease-Lend agreement.

Last year an Honorary Fellowship of Oriol College, Oxford, the first granted outside Great Britain, was conferred on him for his services to Australia's war effort.



PEACE AND PRIVACY

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MARK CROSBY slumped in the creaky rocker, his feet on the window-sill, and thought it all out carefully. Dusk filtered into the room and mellowed the cheapness of it. In the street below the dinner-hour traffic crawled in two directions and the whole miserable hotel quaked whenever an El car thundered past a block east.

Finally he slapped his hands on the chair arms and pushed to his feet.

He crossed to the wall phone near the door and called the desk below to see if any messages had come for him in the last two hours. You had to keep after the clerks in a fifth-rate hotel like this one for they didn't care whether you received your messages or not. They had jobs.

As he expected, there were no calls. He turned slowly away from the phone and stood a moment, scowling at the window.

The huge oscillating electric sign of the Burlesque Theatre across the street intermittently flooded the room with a sickly yellow glow, then plunged it into darkness, like a visual tom-tom. Two months of it had got on Mark's nerves.

Having reached his decision, he hauled a suitcase from under the bed and took out a revolver. He was tempted to shoot out the diabolical sign bulbs one by one and obliterate forever their offensive blinking; instead he contented himself with reading the complimentary inscription on the well-cared-for barrel of the gun.

TO DETECTIVE SERGEANT MARK CROSBY FOR MERITORIOUS SERVICE

Once in the not so long ago that hard-won inscription had made the old service revolver invaluable to Mark. Now he cursed it: A pawnbroker would not give him half as much for the gun as if the engraving was not there.

He tossed it on the bed and started to push into his coat, not bothering to switch on the light. The phone rang just as he was reaching for the gun. It was the clerk in the lobby.

"There's a woman asking for you, Mr. Crosby."

"Who is she?"

"Wouldn't give her name. She asked for your room number and went on up. Thought maybe you'd want to know."

"Naturally. Thanks, Joe."

HE heard the elevator stop as he hung up and footsteps came down the hall, so he opened the door. The girl was standing there, with her knuckles poised for rapping.

She let her hand drop. "I'm looking for Mark Crosby," she explained. "You're looking at him," said Mark. Although she was youngish, and certainly pretty enough, there was something about her bearing that irritated him.

"Oh! I expected to find an older man!"

It was the way she stood, he decided. As straight and challenging as a game cock, stretching every inch of her five feet and, at the most, two inches.

"You're a little early for that," he said dryly.

She colored slightly. "Are you the Sergeant Crosby who worked in the District Attorney's detective bureau in 1934?"

"That's right. Why?"

She had nice eyes, he noticed. They were a definite green, but perhaps it was the confounded flashing from the sign.

"I'd like to speak with you about a business proposition," she said. Mark threw open the door. "Come in, come in."

She stepped inside the room, puzzled by the lights. Mark pointed at the sign, then drew the shades.

"It's just our metropolitan version of the aurora borealis," he explained. She was staring at the gun on the bed.

"Now," he prompted. "What's this proposition, Miss . . . ?"

"Ames," she said. "Trene Ames." She hesitated, forming her thoughts. Mark took out his pipe and waited.

"Mr. Crosby," she asked abruptly, "would you be interested in a trip to the interior of South America to do a job of investigation? All your expenses will be paid in addition to your usual salary."

Mark took the pipe out of his mouth, then put it back again.

"Go on," he said.

Her fingers were nervously snapping and unsnapping her purse. She was still standing, and when he ges-

River of Doubt



"Would you be interested in a trip to South America?" the girl asked Mark abruptly.

Our new serial . . . an exciting story of adventure and romance

By LESLIE T. WHITE

A beautiful girl and a daring young man embark on a mysterious quest.

tured her towards a chair she perched stiffly on the arm.

"That's about all of it," she admitted. "You would probably be back here in three or four months."

"Who wants me to go to South America?"

"I do," she said, "to investigate a mine."

"But I don't know a doggoned thing about mines," he chuckled.

"What kind is it?"

She bit her lip again in a manner he came to realize was characteristic. "I can't tell you any more until I know whether you will accept the job."

From her manner, he got the idea she didn't care whether he accepted or not.

"Good Lord, young woman, what am I supposed to do in South America?" he asked. "Certainly I'll take any legitimate job, but I've got to know something about it."

She paused, and he tried to read the expression on her face, but he got only the feeling that she was doing a job personally distasteful to her. He first thought that someone might want to get him out of town, perhaps to prevent him testifying in a pending criminal case. That was an old gag.

Then, with a pang he remembered that he had been out of the detective bureau for over two long years.

Twenty-six months ago, just when things were breaking right for him at the bureau, his sister Joan had contracted tuberculosis. Mark had resigned the very day the doctor rendered his diagnosis and taken Joan west. After two years, Joan had finally succumbed.

TWO months ago, he had returned to the city—to find a new District Attorney in office and the bureau under civil service. There was no job, for although Mark had been a highly successful investigator the rules of civil service and politics took no account of that and left him with the poor choice of becoming a private operative or starting all over again in some other profession.

The only private detective work he could find consisted of gumshoeing after erring husbands and wives in search of divorce evidence or of acting as a labor spy. Both tasks were outside the pale of his personal ethics.

On the other hand, after a man has spent the best ten years of his life as a criminal investigator it is difficult to begin life anew in a strange field.

"Tell me," he asked the girl, "why you chose me for this jaunt?"

"What difference does that make?" she flared. "I told you I was hiring you . . ."

Mark took the pipe out of his mouth. "And I say you're lying!" he told her flatly.

She crimsoned with anger. Then after a moment she appeared to cool down and asked abruptly: "Do you remember a man named Ian Dougal, and the circumstances under which you met?"

Mark raked his fingers through his hair. "Ian Dougal—Scotty Dougal?" he said with a laugh. "Why, I'll say I remember him! So that's why you asked me if I was in the detective bureau in '34."

"I understood that was the year you met him."

Mark laughed heartily. "I'm not likely to forget it. Old Scotty landed in town that year fresh from New Mexico with a mining proposition. I guess it was his first trip to the big town, and he was bubbling with enthusiasm for his mine. He was ripe for the financial buzzards. They rallied around him, formed a company and put Scotty in as president.

"Then they started peddling watered stock and when the blow-off came Scotty, as titular head of the company, was legally responsible. That's how we entered the picture."

The girl sniffed. "To hear Ian Dougal tell it, you must have had a Roman holiday."

"We had a lot of fun at that," Mark admitted, grinning. "Of course Scotty was arrested, but it was largely a technical manoeuvre because we soon satisfied ourselves the old boy hadn't a criminal hair in his hide. He even took me out to New Mexico to show me the mine, and how it worked. I'd dabbled one summer at a mine, so I knew a bit about 'em."

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THE Pombsys reacted differently to Lavinia's invitations to tea. When Horace, the family's middle-aged bachelor, saw her thick vellum envelope slide beneath his door, he approached it cautiously.

"My dear Nephew, I shall expect you to tea this afternoon at four, Lavinia."

Horace ran over his various peccadilloes of the past months, and, deciding that he was safe this time, breathed a sigh for that poor unknown soul who had deserved Lavinia's displeasure this time.

The Misses Pombsy—those two estimable but stodgy old ladies—plucked Aunt Liv's note avidly from their letter-box. The Misses Pombsy never committed peccadilloes, obtaining a vicarious and safer pleasure from other people's.

Just the same they were anxious. They assured each other they would not wear their new hats. Aunt Liv would probably ask how much they'd paid for them.

Maud tapped her jewelled fingers nervously against a polished table-top. Then her

RUNAWAY

handsome face—one of those frozen faces elegantly framed in grey—resumed its customary expression of smug superiority.

"Mother will manage it," she thought. "She knows just how to handle these things."

The only one to receive Lavinia's invitation without fear was Maurice, and he wasn't a Pombsy at all except by marriage, which was quite close enough.

Lavinia had married him to her daughter, Maud. It never occurred to Maurice to be afraid. It never occurred to him that Lavinia could do anything worse to him than she had done already.

Maurice was the last to arrive. Precisely at four he was paying off his taxi outside the Pombsy mansion. He stood there a moment gazing up at it. Huge; it was, and hideous with its cupolas and towers.

In the middle of the lawn stood the stag. Old Henry Pombsy, Lavinia's father, had ordered it from Paris and shipped it over to England and paid for it in gold.

Well—Henry Pombsy was dust himself now. And when he was gone the Pombsys had congealed again.

The only one who had fought smugness fiercely to the last had been Laurence, Lavinia's younger half-brother.

Laurie, dashing, red-headed, and with a great mind of his own, had refused to let the pampered formalities of the day cramp and subdue him. He and Lavinia had had one awful quarrel, and Laurie had marched out of her house, and had never come back.

Collins—the ancient and wheezy butler—answered Maurice's ring. He said: "The family is waiting, sir," and then, a tone lower: "Mr. Hodgins is here, sir, and his son."

Something of extreme importance must be on, thought Maurice. Lavinia did not summon Hodgins, the family lawyer, for minor matters. Maurice handed Collins his hat, and entered.

The assorted Pombsys looked up quickly. When they saw it was only Maurice, and not Lavinia, they relaxed again. Maud, his wife, gave him a look that said, "So you got here? Thank heaven for that." The Misses Pombsy smiled feebly. Hodgins bowed.

From his dark corner Horace raised questioning eyes that asked, "Heavens, Maurice, is it me this time?" Maurice gave Horace a look which said he didn't know, and sat down near the door.

He would have liked to have sat next to Deirdre, his and Maud's daughter, the one lovely bright spot in the sombre room. But Deirdre didn't seem to need him. Hodgins' son was beside her. She was looking very self-contained, Maurice thought. More like her mother every day.

The clap-trap of Lavinia's cane was sounding in the hall. The door opened and she entered on Collins' arm. She was tall, and straight as a pine. To-day she looked incredibly old. Collins helped her to her chair facing the room. She stood a moment holding to its back, and she said, "You may go now, Collins."

He went out and shut the door, and her old eyes passed over each and every one of them.

"Horace! What are you doing in that corner?"

Horace came forward quickly. "Lavinia, my dear, you're looking very well," he said.

LAVINIA eyed him critically.

"Nonsense. I'm poorly. Very, very poorly. Look at me. Hmm—I thought so. You've been drinking. Horace, you're a fool."

Horace returned to his corner, glad to be let off so easily.

"Maurice, you were late."

"Two minutes," Maurice said.

"Three minutes."

She sat down. The room was fearfully still.

"I have called you together to-day," she said, "because I feel that my death is imminent."

Lavinia admit defeat, even to death. They were all profoundly shocked. Maud said, "Oh, mother!" One of the Misses Pombsy got out a handkerchief and began to sniffle.

"Sarah, stop that," ordered Lavinia. "There will be plenty of time for that later. And that reminds me, Mr. Hodgins. At my funeral you will place my two nieces in a rear pew so that their

emotion will not compete with the service."

Mr. Hodgins bowed. Sarah stopped sniffing.

"Maurice, you and Mr. Hodgins will handle all the arrangements. I have written out everything to the last detail. I wish you to pay especial attention to my bequests to my servants."

She paused to eye all her relatives, then resumed: "I suppose, that there have been times when I have seemed to all of you a severe taskmaster, but I wish you to believe that I have thought of your good. Perhaps I was wrong in feeling that none of us is greater than the family. If I have erred, I am trying now to atone. I have remembered each of you generously in my will."

Horace perked up.

"Yes, Horace, even you, though I do not consider it necessary to add that you have been a grievous disappointment. I suppose, Horace, it should be some consolation to me that you are not imbued with sufficient courage to enmesh yourself in any serious dilemma."

Horace wilted. The Misses Pombsy tried not to look smug and failed.

"And you, Sarah and Amelia. I trust that after you come into my inheritance you will travel. You need its broadening effect. You are regrettably provincial."

The Misses Pombsy squirmed.

"As for you, Maurice. I am proud of you. You have looked after the financial affairs of this family creditably. You have, of course, little imagination, but this lack is perhaps one of your virtues."

Maurice denied this loudly, but only to himself.

"I believe that is all, except for one thing—Maud, stop twisting that ring. What is it?"

She ruled the family with a rod of iron, but a handsome lad proved more than a match for her.

By Margaret Craven

Maud said, "You have not told us what you wish us to do—if—"

"If what?"

"If Laurie should return."

"He won't return."

"But, mother, he might—"

"And I tell you he won't. Maud,

I seem to remember requesting that his name go unspoken in this house as long as I lived. I am not dead yet."

The Pombsys stared at their feet. Then Lavinia's voice softened, as she turned to Deirdre, her one grandchild.

"My dear," she said, "to you I have left the greater part of my fortune. But you, too, have been a disappointment. I had hoped to hold your children in my arms."

All Deirdre's surety left her. She went to Lavinia in a rush across the room, and sank to her knees beside her.

"Oh, Gran, darling!" she said.

The girl loved her, Maurice thought. It came to him with surprise that they all loved her. Yes—even Horace.

Lavinia put her old hand under Deirdre's chin, and lifted her young face.

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Laurie's face, as he ran to meet Deirdre, told Maurice all he wanted to know.

The BODY in the BOX



Out of fog and darkness came the clue to a strange mystery.

ABSORBING STORY BY WILL SCOTT

THERE was such a blight on The Perryman that Mr. Oats wasn't at all sure that it hadn't been more cheerful out in the fog. But you can't get a drink in a fog, and on a night like this it was have one or go mad. So Mr. Oats turned his back on the Thames, and The Perryman got its second customer of the evening.

The bar was big and gloomy, and the one bulb under its green shade made no attempt to light the dark corners. There was, on the far side, a row of cubby-holes, which, with the one light and the fog, were almost invisible. The place depressed Mr. Oats considerably.

"Pint, please," he said.

The landlord served Mr. Oats, took his money and returned with his change.

"Nasty night," Mr. Oats ventured. "Sevenpence," said the landlord, and went back to his newspaper.

Mr. Oats sighed and glanced at the other customer.

"Going to commit suicide, he is," thought Mr. Oats. "Or has!"

The other customer drooped, with both his elbows on the counter.

If Mr. Oats had been a woman he would have wanted to scream. He tried to forget the two depressing men by retreating to the darkest cubby-hole and interesting himself in his own thoughts.

What his own thoughts were he never afterwards recalled. Two other customers came in out of the fog, and the peculiar tap of one foot of one of them turned his mind to other things. Probably, he reflected, the man had a short leg or a drop foot or something, making him slap the floor with one toe.

"They don't know," Mr. Oats thought excitedly, "that I'm here." "They" being the two men in the next cubby-hole behind his back, and the excitement due only to the fact that they muttered.

Suddenly the muttering ceased. For a moment or so there was complete silence, and then came a sound which at first Mr. Oats could not place.

Slur . . . slur . . . slur . . . At about the twentieth slur, he got it. Paper. Being turned over. But why turn a piece of paper over and over? It seemed—

Ah! Of course. Many pieces of paper! But why—

Ah! Yes! Money. Not fivers. There wasn't that crackle. Notes. Pound notes. Ten-shilling notes, anyway.

"Well, I'll be hanged!" thought Mr. Oats.

He found himself counting.

"Thirty (about), thirty-one, thirty-two . . ."

At (about) a hundred the slur stopped slurring and Mr. Oats stopped counting.

"Uh," said a voice. And then, "I took something on when I took this on, guv'nor."

"If you'd rather work till you're ninety," said the other man.

A little pause, and then the first man's voice again: "He'll have been in the box a fortnight to-morrow."

At which every inch of Mr. Oats' body tingled as if he'd fallen in a nettle-bed.

All his life his imagination had been his busiest friend. He had always been able to "see" at once. Now he saw "him" (whoever he might be) in the box (wherever it was), not as he had been when he was put into the box, but as he must be now, a fortnight later.

"Fortnight or forty years," whispered the second man, "what's it matter? Who's to find him?"

"I've known plenty of things go wrong in my lifetime."

"Huh! Well, it's too late for you

to do anything now, isn't it? Come on—drink up and we'll be going. This place is like a grave."

And so they went, the two strange men Mr. Oats had not seen and dare not see now for fear of giving himself away. Even when the door closed on them he did not move at first. They could in any case go only two ways, to right or left; unless they walked ahead of the path into the Thames—which would probably be the saving of a lot of trouble for people, himself included.

At last he thought it safe to leave the depressing tavern, and let himself out without a sound. The fog was thicker and doing odd things to the noises of the night. Footsteps there were, but whether from right or left was more than he'd have cared to bet on. He made off to the right and the footsteps grew fainter. He turned back and went the other way, but now the footsteps faded altogether.

"Curse it!" he exclaimed. "I've lost them!"

And he had.

For ten minutes or so he floundered about on the river bank, past prim (but now invisible) Georgian villas; but in the end he had to give it up. He made his way to the nearest tram, and by tram to the nearest tube, and got home at twenty minutes to eleven, cursing himself for a fool.

But home was now just a prison. He had to talk to somebody, even if he fetched a stranger in from the street.

He turned to the telephone.

Wally Penn!

Because he could talk to Wally. Wally never minded if he sat up jawing till the cows came home.

Besides, he was on the "Daily Sphere." He might know.

"You drink that," said Mr. Oats, "and light that, and then I'll tell you."

"Ta, old boy," said Wally Penn. "All the best."

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Mrs. BROWN IS A GOOD AUSTRALIAN!

Read her story and see why



I FIND GIBBS IS WONDERFUL FOR MY TEETH AND GUMS. GIVES ME SUCH A CLEAN, FRESH TASTE AND . . .



WHEN THE CONTAINER IS EMPTY, I BUY A REFILL ONLY! SAVES ME 40% EVERY TIME AND BESIDES . . .



EVERY RE-USED GIBBS CONTAINER MEANS A VALUABLE SAVING IN AUSTRALIA'S PRODUCTIVE EFFORT!

Gibbs **SOLID** Dentifrice

in the NEW IVORY container

Large container of 1/8
Dentifrice
Large Refill (lasts about 5 months) 1/4

MATERIAL for a DREAM

Romantic
Short
Story



Ralph watched in surprise as the two brides stood staring at each other.

CAROLINE TRUEPENNY worked at the R.A.F. hospital. She was neat, quiet, shy as a field-mouse. Who notices field-mice when there are butterflies winging down the wards, gazelles dancing ballets with surgical trays and grael? Not two hundred young men who have bailed out of burning planes, crashed while under instruction and otherwise ceased temporarily to be masters of the air.

Caroline hadn't any illusions. She knew exactly what she was to all these gallant, joking, heroic boys. She was a pair of gentle hands, a careful nurse, endlessly patient.

So many of the young men had burned hands bailing out. They were angels of courage and pluck, with useless hands.

She fed them, washed them, wrote their letters with such quiet efficiency none of them could have guessed she had a crazily romantic heart beating under the snowy bib of her apron.

Certainly not that dour young man Ralph Carter, so in love with the loveliest V.A.D. on the staff, Margery Graham.

Surprisingly, Margery Graham was as efficient as she was lovely. She stood ace-high with patients, staff and fellow-workers, and there was hardly a man who would not have shared his pay with her, enthusiastically.

Ralph Carter more enthusiastically than any of them.

He had great snowy boxing gloves of bandages on his hands, but his eyes followed her—and Caroline

could see his heart following her, too.

Naturally it was Margery Graham whom Ralph Carter asked to help him buy his foster-sister's trousseau. Whoever heard of foster-sisters in 1941? But Ralph had a foster-sister in Wales living with her old mother and father. Her father had been old Carter's head coachman.

Ralph Carter's mother had died when he was born. His foster-sister had been born the same day. Her mother had become his foster-mother and nannie. She had moved into the big house with her husband and baby daughter and devoted herself to them equally until Ralph was ten and had gone to his preparatory school. Then his foster-mother and foster-sister had moved back to their cottage; where they had lived ever since.

It was a perfectly feasible situa-

tion; and what could be more feasible than that this gentle Welsh girl, who had never left her native country and had charge of two aged, bed-ridden parents, should send a letter to her foster-brother, enclose a collection of pound notes and write:

"You have such good taste and good sense that I would rather trust you than any of the foolish girls round here, who will go into adjoining towns and buy me rubbish they themselves might find pleasure in wearing—but not myself. I have a tremendous fancy to be married in white, but if you think it is but

extravagant foolishness I will be guided by you. I would give mother and father a treat in the sight of me, for we shall be married in this little cottage."

Carter had given Caroline Truepenny the letter to read.

"What lovely English she writes," she said. "It's like good, old-fashioned prose! A little mannered and self-conscious, perhaps."

"She doesn't speak English very well. Her knowledge of it is 'bookish.' We always spoke Welsh together at home."

She found that fascinating and very, very romantic.

"Are you Welsh, Mr. Carter?"

"My father was Welsh."

Caroline's eyes went back to the letter.

do anything with my tanks of hands—not even handle notes. It's maddening! I wish Evadna could have the fun of buying her own things; but she wouldn't leave the old people, and there's no big town near."

Caroline returned to her letter:

"I hope we shall be trothed when the wild daffodils are out. Do you remember the sheltered drifts by Black Mountain, Ralph? I want to make the room sunny with those. As we used to make the old nursery for your birthday."

Caroline saw the small, sunny wild flowers. The heads of the little boy and girl bent over them.

"Miss Graham has such a good head on her shoulders, and she understands values. I don't know any-

The R.A.F. hospital was stunned. No one talked of anything else. The matron, it transpired, had known for some time before.

Quite a lot of the nurses were pleased. Caroline was more pleased than any of them—until she saw Ralph Carter's eyes.

"There are a lot of parcels for you," she said. "They're crowding out your locker. What shall I do with them?"

"Shove them somewhere. We'll pack them in the new trunk when it comes."

Margery Graham left for good. She was to be married under the auspices of her new family. Afterwards, she was to sail with her husband for a "diplomatic" niche in an unimportant, distant sphere.

The trunk came with the initials E. L. J. in blue. It was a very expensive and beautiful trunk. Caroline was quite sure Ralph Carter had bought it. She piled the parcels in it, and pushed it under her own bed in the dormitory.

Quite a lot of the men had gone on leave, or back to duty, cured. They had a new flight of angels to minister to, as uncomplaining, as cheery, as brittle-nerved.

But Ralph Carter stayed on and his hands remained in their bandages. They had been badly mutilated. He would be invalided out; and he would go back to his impoverished estate in the shadow of the Welsh mountains and run his beloved choirs, and rear his small, black-faced sheep, and grow food for victory.

One day he beckoned Caroline and showed her a telegram just arrived.

Please turn to page 28

By CHRISTINE JOPE-SLADE

"I do not quite know when Seth will get leave. It is all too likely to be very sudden and very short."

She lifted her eyes.

"What is Seth?"

"R.A.F. Groundsman."

"Welsh?"

"Seth Llewellyn Jones."

Ralph Carter liked the way she was reading the letter. As if she were listening gently and sympathetically to the confidences of another girl. She had a quiet charm, he thought. A nice, womanly little creature.

"Miss Graham is coming shopping with me for Evadna. I can't

thing about women or their clothes," said Ralph.

"Shall you buy a white wedding dress for Evadna?"

"I'll see what Miss Graham thinks. It doesn't sound very suitable for a cottage wedding."

Flying-Officer Ralph Carter and Margery Graham went shopping, all that afternoon. The next morning Margery Graham's engagement to a peer was in all the papers.

He was middle-aged. Rich. From his photographs he looked exactly like an Easter egg tailored in fashionable tweeds.

DAUNTLESS SPIRIT OF WOMEN IN SINGAPORE



FIREFIGHTING IN SINGAPORE. British, Chinese, and Malay residents form the gallant bands of this service.

Strain of siege is strengthening selfless comradeship

By HARRY KEYS

Our special correspondent in Singapore

Life in Singapore has undergone a great change since the island came under siege. Everybody is now in the same boat, under the same trials, with the same risks ahead, and already the people, European and Asiatic alike, have quietly accepted the fact.

The women are beyond praise. They're magnificent. Quite a number now in Singapore are war widows of only a few days; others haven't heard from or of their menfolk since the war began. Practically all have lost everything—money, clothes, home. And these material things don't seem to matter any more.

IN a way, money has lost most of its value, for there's little that the average human being really wants when faced with grim realities.

Food and shelter—that's enough for anyone these days. Friends and casual acquaintances of possibly only a few hours are standing by one another as never before.

There's especial thoughtfulness for those women who are now alone and practically penniless, for those whose nerves are ragged after weeks of bombed flight from the north southwards.

With guns rumbling only a few miles away as the crow flies, with the crump of crashing bombs punctuating night and day, it isn't easy to offer solace to someone who has just learned of the death of her husband in a bombing raid in enemy territory only a few hours before, or whose

sleep is disturbed by the constant dash for shelter.

Australian nurses are now working hard in Singapore, as the wounded have been brought down. I've seen a number of them on ambulance trains from the north. Always they've maintained the cool hospital efficiency, and just looking at them and ignoring the surroundings it is not difficult to forget for a little while that war is raging not far away.

The nurses don't like to talk much, just as in peacetime, but it's good to watch them at medicine cabinets measuring doses for patients, exercising their authority to the fullest, and going their way as if times were normal.

There is no fun for these girls to-day, only hard work and they're sticking to a hard job along with the men of the A.I.F.

Quite a number of women are sticking to their jobs at first-aid posts, in hospitals or other essential civilian services through all this.

Notwithstanding it all, however, there is no general sense of depression in Singapore, which to-day goes to work at sunrise.

A feeling of security and hopefulness has been engendered among the civilian population by the presence and the example of cheerful soldiers.



AUSTRALIAN NURSES who went to Malaya to look after the A.I.F. now staff a hospital on Singapore Island.

I understood something of why this is so when a night or so ago I dined and dined with "Johnnie" from Taralga and "The Youth" from Narooma. Two tough, cherty N.S.W. commando men who've spent most of their time since the war started roaming behind enemy lines one way and another.

Their story is the story told by every Australian in Malaya over their first long, cold beers in many long weeks.

"Johnnie" and "The Youth" told of one five-day 100-mile trek through rubber plantation and jungle swamp through some of the worst country in the Peninsula.

Slept undiscovered

IN the course of that trip they literally slept beside the Japs.

One night they heard the Japs bustling and shouting not more than 200 yards away from their party. They kept under cover and eventually dozed off, undiscovered.

They've sat behind jungle growth on top of cuttings and embankments and watched the Japs not marching, but jog-trotting along in a column of route formation, yelling and singing in a manner most unlike European troops.

They think the Japs pretty good soldiers when sticking to their own particular type of warfare, but not so good when fighting in the open. The Australians like nothing better than to come to grips with the enemy. They like a chance to use the bayonet, because then they can really see with whom they're dealing.

"Johnnie" like the rest of the A.I.F. has the highest admiration



BRITISH ARTILLERYMEN cleaning one of the huge guns that barked across the strait between Singapore and mainland.

for the Punjabis. "Cripes, they're quick," "The Youth" told me.

"Bullets will come whistling out of a tree and before you can say Jack Robinson they've swung round with their rifles shooting in the direction of the shot, and pretty well every time a Jap will come crashing out of the tree.

"The Punjabis scarcely stop to see what they've done, just stalk straight on waiting for the next bloke."

But the Aussies themselves aren't too slow by any means.

Major-General Gordon Bennett told with great glee of the resourceful initiative of Diggers on the east coast, where Japs recently effected a landing. A.I.F. men destroyed every bicycle discoverable, obliging the Japs in this area to walk in-

stead of pedalling, as they like to do. This sort of thing is an essential part of the Digger make-up. It is a grim sort of humor which is most practical.

In the face of the most severe pressure, these men have maintained the old standards of fun. There was one chap whom I've encountered a dozen times; which is a lot in this war. Every time he set eyes on a party of correspondents he'd call, "What's news?"

American pressmen, however, beat him to the draw the other day. Before the car had stopped, a pressman poked a head out of the window and yelled, "What's news?"

Grinning widely, the A.I.F. man offered us tea, which we swallowed crouching in the rubber with planes overhead.



CHINESE GIRLS and British women work in the mobile canteens which provide food for air-raid victims.



SCOTS SOLDIERS ford a river in Malaya. Trained for months in jungle warfare they have fought all through the Malayan campaign, and piped all forces across Johore Causeway into Singapore.

Editorial

FEBRUARY 14, 1942

SINGAPORE

HOUR by hour we wait and listen for news from Singapore.

It has now become another Tobruk, besieged fortress inside which thousands of British, our own boys among them, and thousands of their darker-skinned brothers of the Empire must hold out against great odds.

This is nothing new in British history. Khar-toum, Mafeking, Lucknow, right down to Tobruk—these are names made glorious by the stubborn will of British defenders.

Win or lose, Singapore's defenders will uphold that tradition. One thing has never failed throughout the darkest hours of this long and desperate struggle. That one thing is the British character.

Failure in Norway stirred the complacent people of England. The tragedy of Dunkirk roused them to fighting pitch.

Death and destruction from the air could not shake them. Defeats in Greece, Crete, and Libya brought not despair but loud demands for greater effort.

When the extent of the reverses in the Far East became known criticism rang louder than ever.

But not a voice cried for peace or parley.

The greater the odds the greater becomes the determination of the British people to win out. That goes for Australia, too.

Singapore's gallant stand is one more inspiration to us all to waste no time and spare no effort to destroy our enemies.

We have been battered many times in this war, but we will never be beaten.

—THE EDITOR.

Play Centres cheer 7000 children



AIR-RAID PRACTICE in Petersham Park for the children who attended the Vacation Play Centre, one of the 17 centres in Sydney.

Plans prepared for transfer to country in case of evacuation

By a Staff Reporter

Vacation Play Centres, which did an excellent job in Sydney, Newcastle, and Cessnock during the school holidays, are ready to transfer the scheme to the country should the Government order evacuation of children.

These centres, organised by a committee under the auspices of the National Fitness Council, cared for 7000 children during the summer vacation.

In congested areas on Sydney by using parks and school playgrounds, they provided play and handicraft facilities for children, many of whom have no other playground than the street.

"Since the scheme has worked so well in metropolitan areas, we could do it in country evacuation centres if necessary," said the organiser of Vacation Play Centres, Mr. H. le Maistre.

"If large numbers of children were sent to the country, occupation of their leisure time might present a problem which we are equipped to solve."

The vacation just finishing marks the third year of Vacation Play Centres.

In 1939 one centre was established and proved such a success that 1940 saw eight in full swing. In December, 1941, 25 were opened, 17 of them in Sydney.

At first the children regarded the

scheme with a certain amount of suspicion, thought they were being asked to go back to school.

When they found that they enjoyed perfect freedom—the only rule was that property, either public or that of another child, must not be damaged—they attended in thousands.

I saw the freedom for myself on a visit to several centres—Petersham, Enmore, Newtown, and Mar-rickville.

Children were literally allowed to do as they liked. Some played games; there were swings, roundabouts and slippery dips; others were entranced with handicrafts.

Small boys and girls were making powder compacts and purses from bright scraps of material, necklaces from corn, and even bird seed, dipped in colored lacquer.

At one centre two brothers and a sister had made a magnificent doll's house from butter-boxes, wall-paper scraps, and matchboxes.

Children who wanted to sit in a corner and read did so.



TWO-YEAR-OLD HANDICRAFT WORKER at the Newtown Play Centre. She is delighted with the progress of her necklace of dyed corn.

At one centre small boys and girls were making camouflage nets. There was no compulsion about it. They began when they liked, stopped when they liked, with the result that they had made 13 nets and were starting on more.

The supervisors helped with the sewing and handicraft problems, acted as umpires in the occasional disputes which arose, encouraged timid children by giving them some small responsibility.

One supervisor had hit on a cheap substitute for plasticine, having made an enormous amount of dough from a couple of pounds of flour.

At Petersham two little girls, Eileen Abraham and Sylvia Beard, made us some morning tea. They did it with an ease and simplicity that would have done credit to any grown-up hostess. There was no affectation, no sense of "company manners" or a special occasion.

Mr. le Maistre, who, with other committee members, escorted us on the tour, told me that a definite drop in the number of child delinquents has been noted in suburbs where the centres are established.

Municipalities which have co-operated by providing space in parks have been rewarded by an absence of damage to public property.

Just a simple proof that if children are happily occupied they don't get into mischief.

Two medical examinations are given to each child during the holiday period, and insurance policies cover any risk of accidents. Accidents have been almost non-existent.

Entire cost of the scheme, which is financed by a State Government grant, works out at approximately fourpence per child per day.



YOUNG VOLUNTARY WORKERS on camouflage nets at Enmore Play Centre used hat-pegs in the school lobbies as a foundation for frames to work on.



MORNING AND AFTERNOON milk distribution is a feature of all play centres. Each child drinks half a pint per day.



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY ... By WEP

They are mothers to our coastal defenders



EVERY DAY is baking day for Mrs. I. Murphy, now that a unit is quartered across the road from her house. She says making cakes for the boys keeps her from worrying about her own lad in Palestine.

These women look after the boys who will look after them

By DOROTHY DRAIN

A new band of unofficial war workers has sprung up all along the New South Wales coastline. They are the front-line civilians, the residents of seaside hamlets and suburbs invaded by the Australian Army.

They don't wear uniforms or badges; they haven't any presidents or secretaries; they are just doing the nearest job there is—looking after soldiers manning our coastal defences.

"And a fine job it is, too," say the soldiers.

IN every township and suburb where troops are quartered you hear the same stories of women who deliver batches of scones and cakes, who offer to do mending or washing for the boys, who give them the freedom of the bathroom and laundry.

The other day I went along a lovely stretch of coastline, which, in the good old days, was a holidaymaker's paradise.

At week-ends the road used to be three deep in crawling cars, with occasional hikers carrying billycans and bathing-suits.

Now a car, unless it's an army truck, is a novelty. But there are plenty of hikers. They wear tin-hats and carry bayonets.

I looked that day with new eyes at the succession of glorious headlands stretching away into the northern haze.

Their beauty was no longer enough. I hoped they were ramparts against an invader.

The townships which, because of petrol rationing, had bid fair to settle into a somnolence as pronounced as their winter sleep have awakened to new life.

Where holidaymakers used to pitch precarious shelter one may see stout army tents. The flaps sometimes rolled back, displaying a bedding array whose neatness any camping housewife might envy.

On the verandahs of bungalows, in garages, in schools, church halls and golf club houses are billeted young men who used to come to these same resorts bent on fishing and sunbaking, who now, as one said, work so hard they haven't time to look at the scenery.

Everybody helps

EVERYWHERE I found evidence of the happy relationship between soldier and civilian.

The proprietor of a holiday block of flats has thrown one open to a number of young soldiers.

A sentry parades outside the tradesmen's entrance since a machine-gun emplacement has been set up in the backyard.



JACQUELINE JACKSON delivers a billy of tea to a platoon camped near the house where she is spending a seaside holiday.

The only worry of the proprietress about the fortress-like look of her erstwhile peaceful property is that in the event of action she might be evacuated.

"And I'd like to stay and look after the boys," she says.

Near her flats one looks down from a hillside on to a beach where a few sunbakers stretch in grotesque proximity to barbed wire.

Children had deserted their sandcastles to watch the soldiers at work.

One small boy, helping to fill buckets of water at a standpipe, was a picture of earnest happiness. Another was standing stock-still, gazing enthralled at a sentry.

To the young children, this is a holiday before which the memory of all peacetime ones dims into insignificance, and no shadow of its implications darkens their joy in the



"THIS IS better than 1917," says Corporal L. R. Davies, last war veteran, as he places his section's butter in Mrs. William Wadlow's refrigerator.



SMALL BOYS feel this holiday is the best ever, now that our soldiers have invaded the seaside resorts. Here Sapper Blake shows the truck tool kit to Tommy Symonds and Bill Lomas.

the door and says, "Like some orange juice, boys?"

"You can bet we don't say no on a scorching day like this, and out it comes, real orange juice, too, and plenty of ice cubes.

"Another one came down to our camp and asked if we'd like any towels boiled. Said she couldn't see how we could get them clean the way we did them, so she gathered up 24 and took them away.

"Brought 'em back next day looking so clean they made us homesick."

Farther along I spoke to a young lieutenant who had the headquarters for his platoon in the garage of

a week-end cottage. Passing by I had noticed that it was curiously furnished with two cane chairs and a pale blue leather one, which, though it had seen better days, had an unexpected air of opulence.

Bathroom key

PEOPLE round about had contributed the furniture, the lieutenant told me. Owners of another week-end had left the key of the bathroom with the boys, and permanent residents regularly sent out tea.

Typical of the spirit of these permanent residents is Mrs. William Wadlow, whose husband is a returned man from last war. In a vacant allotment near her house is pitched a tent with eight occupants.

Their corporal, also a last war man, was just on his way to place the camp butter in Mrs. Wadlow's refrigerator, and asked me to come and visit her and see for myself.

Mrs. Wadlow was just about to freeze a batch of ice-cream for the boys' evening meal.

"Why, I don't do much," she said in surprise. "It's a pleasure to do a few little things. And I think, too, if I look after these men, somebody is being kind to my boy, who's in Queensland with the Air Force."

Matrons and nurses of a convalescent home have been doing similar services for a platoon.

"So we found out that one of the nurses had to stoke up the coke boiler for hot water about 4.30 every morning," one of the men told me.

"The boys decided that wasn't good enough, and now we take turns to do the stoking."

Other women have formed themselves into mending groups, and take it in turn to collect any sewing jobs from the soldiers.

One housewife expressed the point of view of all when I told her of the chorus of praise that had greeted her name:

"It makes us feel safe just to see them around," she said, "so the least we can do is to help to look after them."

Here's hot news from all the studios!

CABLED FROM HOLLYWOOD

By Barbara O'Connor, our special representative

DEANNA DURBIN and her studio, Universal, have settled their differences—and it looks as if Deanna has won. She reports back for work as soon as she has finished her current tour of army camps—and she will have some control of the stories, directors, and casts in her future pictures.

Deanna demanded this deciding voice in her films some months ago. When the studio refused her request she did not turn up for work on her new picture—and was promptly suspended without pay. The reconciliation between Deanna and her employers has raised a general sigh of relief—especially as Deanna's husband, young producer Vaughn Paul, will be entering the U.S. Navy soon.

ELANOR POWELL has broken her engagement to MGM's art director, Merrill Pye. Says Eleanor of the affair: "I am unwilling to mix marriage with my career at present as I definitely want to go on with my dancing."

RUDY VALLEE has been signed by Paramount to a new long-term contract—which agrees that he won't sing in any of his films. Vallee, for whom the word "crooner" was coined, wants to do comedy character roles for the future.

When Anne Shirley's suit for divorce against her young husband, John Payne, commenced this week, the town was shocked to learn that Anne is charging him with extreme cruelty, which has caused her "many months of physical and mental pain."

Previously it was reported that Anne would sue on the grounds of incompatibility, and that the pair would share the custody of their 18-months-old daughter, Julie Anne.

HOLLYWOOD'S stars are winning the praise of the U.S. Government for their prowess as sellers of war bonds. Dozens of our best-known players are boosting the war



INTRIGUING French actor, Jean Gabin, who has just finished his Fox picture, "Moonlight," celebrates by attending a stage show.

effort by touring America, and addressing crowds gathered not only in theatres, but in universities, factories and city halls of all kinds. In every case they are making record sales.

For example, Dorothy Lamour, whose war tour is not yet completed, has already sold \$7,000,000 worth of bonds!

GRACIE FIELDS, Britain's comedy star, is going to star in a local production entitled "The Duchess of Arizona." The film will be directed by her husband, Monty Banks, who recently handled Laurel and Hardy's Fox comedy. It was formerly planned that Gracie's first Hollywood picture would be "The Nutmeg Tree" from Marjery Sharp's novel.

BRENDA JOYCE's husband, Owen Ward—he is an accountant who went to the University with Brenda before she ever thought of films—has been called up for duty in the Army, with the rank of lieutenant.

MICKEY ROONEY and his bride, Ava Gardner, are returning from their Boston visit in aid of the Red Cross by way of North Carolina. This is so that Mickey can meet his mother-in-law, Mrs. Gardner, for the first time. She has never seen him. His sister-in-law only was present at the wedding.

THE Lombard estate, which was bequeathed unconditionally to Clark in Carole's will, is believed likely to exceed \$300,000. In the meantime, Clark's own future is causing enormous speculation. As I told you last week, it was reported that he was joining up as soon as his MGM film, "Somewhere I'll Find You," was finished. It has since been stated that he is planning a war bond selling tour, similar to that taken by Carole. All these reports must now be considered unconfirmed. His close friends say that Clark himself is undecided as to his plans. I can tell you definitely, however, that his studio, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, is ready to adjust any schedule in accordance with his wishes.

H. G. WELLS, who used to scoff at American movies, has now agreed to write the screen adaptation of his own book, "The History of Mr. Polly," for Charles Laughton. RKO will make the film.

GREER GARSON is planning a holiday which will range from the Californian resort of Del Monte to New York. She has first to complete "Mrs. Miniver," which she is making with Greer Garson. And after her holiday, she will be returning to MGM under new long-term contract.

COMEDIAN Jack Benny is facing the busiest working year of his life. He already runs a big weekly radio show. He is also going to star in Warner's version of the Broadway play success, "George Washington Slept Here." He will, in addition, star in the Fox comedy, "The Meanest Man in the World."

WENDELL WILLKIE will be the guest speaker at the annual Academy Awards Banquet, which will be held on February 26. In key with the war situation, the customary glamour and fuss connected with this function will be abandoned. In fact, the announcements sent out by post to the industry request that all attending wear informal dress.



CENTRE OF ATTENTION is Lew Ayres, awaiting his call-up for the United States Army. Hanging on his words at a war-charities luncheon are the lovely ladies, Ann Rutherford and Hedy Lamarr.

PRIVATE VIEWS

By The Australian Women's Weekly Film Reviewer

MUTINY IN THE ARCTIC

Richard Arlen, Andy Devine. (Universal.)

UNIVERSAL'S choice of the Polar zone—with bears and icebergs thrown in—makes this melodrama perfect escapism fare in these days of topical news plots. Apart from its setting, however, the film is just another in the competent series of Arlen and Devine action pictures. And the pair of actors are excellent: they seem to enjoy this kind of rough-and-tumble very much.

They reach the Arctic zone in search of radium deposits. On their voyage northwards they are betrayed by their backer (Addison Richards), suffer mutiny, shipwreck, and a spot of murder. The shipwreck scenes are the most exciting. Incidentally, Anne Nagel is present just for the romance, but makes no impression.—Capitol; showing.

ARIZONA BOUND

Dick Jones, Tim McCoy, Raymond Hatton. (Monogram.)

HERE Monogram offers Western fans a new Western team, named "The Rough Riders," and destined to gallop through a whole series of film adventures. I used the word

Our Film Gradings

★★★★ Excellent
★★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars — below average.

new, but the members of the combination are old-timers. Buck Jones and Tim McCoy represent the quiet type of range hero: Raymond Hatton is present for the contrast.

The trio's exploits in this production follow a well-known pattern, too. They are retired U.S. marshals, who are brought back to restore law and order to Mesa City. Their outlaw foe goes in for holding up stagecoaches, which always leave town groaning under the weight of gold. For a time things look bad: Jones is suspected of being in league with the thieves. But after a siege of the town saloon—with the outlaw inside—all is triumph.—Capitol; showing.

Shows Still Running

- ★★ Blossoms in the Dust. Greer Garson in heart-warming drama.—Liberty; 8th week.
- ★★ It Started With Eve. Deanna Durbin, Laughton in sparkling comedy.—Lyceum; 8th week.
- ★★ Love on the Dole. Deborah Kerr, Clifford Evans in powerful social drama.—Embassy; 7th week.
- ★★ Suspicion. Joan Fontaine, Cary Grant in suspenseful drama.—Century; 7th week.
- ★★ Skylark. Claudette Colbert, Ray Milland in sophisticated comedy.—Prince Edward; 5th week.
- ★★ Western Union. Randolph Scott, Robert Young in exciting, vigorous Western.—Regent; 3rd week.
- ★★ Billy the Kid. Robert Taylor as Western hero in picturesque technicolor adventure.—St. James; 4th week.
- ★★ Our Wife. Pleasing romantic comedy with Melvyn Douglas, Ruth Hussey, and Ellen Drew.—State; 2nd week.
- ★★ Hot Spot. Betty Grable, Victor Mature, Carole Landis share excitement of good tough American thriller.—Plaza; 2nd week.
- ★★ International Lady. Topical and suspense-packed spy drama for Ilona Massey, Basil Rathbone, and George Brent.—Mayfair; 4th week.



LUCKY DOG, but doesn't seem to know it. His name is Camera, and he belongs to Joan Fontaine, but Olivia de Havilland has the thankless task of amusing him during Joan's visit to her studio.

THE GREATEST LAUGH SHOW EVER WRITTEN IN AUSTRALIA

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The Movie World

February 14, 1942

The Australian Women's Weekly

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ROSALIND'S HUSBAND ENLISTS

By JOAN McLEOD in Hollywood

ROSALIND RUSSELL is joining the proud group of Hollywood's military wives. For her Danish husband, Freddie Brisson, this month becomes an American citizen, and straight away enlists in the U.S. Army.

Roz is, however, determined to carry on with establishing the home which she and Freddie have planned. "It will be nothing pretentious, and not too far from Hollywood, but something we can call our own—and which will be there for Freddie to come back to."

The ideal place is, thinks Roz, a farmhouse near Santa Barbara, with plenty of grounds.

In the meantime, Roz is keeping on the flat in Hollywood which she and Freddie took on their return from their Cuban honeymoon. This apartment will be Roz' headquarters when she is actually making films. At present she is playing in "Take a Letter, Darling," with Fred MacMurray.



• Latest MGM portrait of Rosalind Russell, who became the wife of her film agent, Fred Brisson, three months ago, at a formal church ceremony in California. Rosalind is thirty-three, Fred the 29-year-old son of Danish actor Carl Brisson. It is the

first marriage for both, and, in fact, Rosalind's first big romance since she came to Hollywood eight years ago. Roz always said she was waiting for the right man to come along, and Hollywood knows that, in likeable Freddie, she has found him.



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'Danny Dandruff' is busy!

● Burning dandruff itch means scalp infection! To get lasting relief, you must strike at the cause and kill the queer bottle-shaped dandruff germ.

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—the same antiseptic you've always used for oral hygiene and general home use—is the proved treatment for dandruff. It kills the germ and gets quick results. Douse it on and rub well in. Add a little olive oil if scalp is too dry. Instantly burning and itching stop, ugly scales disappear as if by magic, your scalp and hair are invigorated.

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New—3 Second—Relief!

Magic new vanishing foot creme containing frankincense and myrrh... cooling healants used by desert tribes to soothe feet tortured by fiery sands.

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End Your CATARRH

Bronchitis, Bronchial Asthma, Antrum and Sinus Trouble

Although it is no longer necessary, thousands still suffer the misery, unpleasantness, and illness of catarrh. Coughing, spitting, sneezing, blowing, sneezing—his face puffy and yellow—his breath fetid and his vitality destroyed by poisonous germs, the Catarrh sufferer is indeed a pitiable object.

Catarrh begins in the nasal passages, often resulting from a neglected cold. It is caused by germs. Catarrh may cause serious chest complaints, sinusitis, head aches, constantly recurring colds, indigestion, Constipation, Skin Troubles, etc. Catarrh gradually grows worse and does not get better without bacteriological



1 LANDED in Arctic Canada to reconnoitre, six Nazi sailors see their U-boat sunk in gulf by Royal Canadian Air Force bombers, leaving them helpless ashore.



3 ATTEMPTING to reach U.S. border, group steals investigating seaplane, but loses one man in gun-battle, second in plane crash, from which four travel on foot.

Atlantic crossed for war picture

From JUDY BAILEY in London

BRITAIN'S big propaganda picture, "49th Parallel" (scenes from it are shown on this page), has a most dramatic history.

To begin with, it was the first important picture to be made on Canadian soil.

Early in 1940, the British Government sent director Michael Powell, Leslie Howard, Elisabeth Bergner, cameramen, technicians, other actors—in fact, a whole studio—across the Atlantic.

The company travelled across Canada, filming en route the story of six Nazi sailors who, during a continent-wide flight, came up against the meaning of democracy. "49th Parallel" brought Raymond Massey flying up from Hollywood to play the Canadian soldier.

Then questions began to be asked

in Parliament. The British Government had allowed its Ministry of Information to spend £25,000 on the film. Before it was finished, "49th Parallel" was to cost £135,000. A lot of people thought this was too much for a film.

The inevitable delays of overseas location were made the excuse. Then suddenly and dramatically Elisabeth Bergner walked out of the picture. Hers was the only woman's role—that of Anna, the girl in Canada's Hutterite settlement. The Hutterites are German-descended folk. Their settlement was founded by a religious sect which left Germany in the middle of last century to avoid persecution. Their antipathy to oppression and to Nazism makes them among Canada's most loyal subjects.

As "49th Parallel" is regarded as among Britain's most potent propaganda weapons, and as Bergner had herself become a British citizen, her desertion down to Hollywood roused a bitter storm.

Unable to find another suitable actress in Canada, the "49th Parallel" company had to scrap all Bergner's scenes and return to Britain with these still to be done. After a nation-wide search here the key role of Anna was given to a 16-year-old actress named Glynis Johns. You saw Glynis as Ralph Richardson's young daughter in "South Riding."

A fine gesture by Laurence Olivier then heartened the whole production of the film. He sent a cable from Hollywood to the British Ministry of Information, asking if he could have a part in the film before joining the R.A.F. The Ministry was delighted. When Olivier arrived in England he found the specially-written-in role of Johnnie—French-Canadian fur-trapper—awaiting him.

Adventure in Canada



2 INVADING trading post, Nazis fail to stop fur-trapper Johnnie (Laurence Olivier) from sending radio warning.



4 REACHING German-born settlement, Vogel (MacGinnis), converted to democracy by Anna (Glynis Johns), is shot by his men.



5 CULTURED writer Scott (Leslie Howard) attempts to reform Lt. Hirth (Eric Portman), who wrecks his art treasures.



6 FIGHTING MAD, Scott effects capture of all Nazis except Lt. Hirth, who, jumping train, is unwillingly held in conversation by Canadian soldier on leave (Raymond Massey), and so plans to steal latter's uniform.

WHEREVER THERE ARE

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As HOLLYWOOD sees them

Exclusive color pictures taken by Jules Buck, well-known Hollywood photographer.



● **MOST AD-MIRED.** Laurence Olivier and wife Vivien Leigh, who have turned down \$66,500 Hollywood offer in order to work in England.



● **SHYEST.** Mary Martin and director-husband Dick Halliday, who spend hours with baby Mary.



● **MOST ENCHANTING.** Vaughn Paul and Deanna Durbin (at right) are planning army camp tour.



● **MOST ENTERTAINING.** Jimmy Cagney and wife, Frances Vernon of former vaudeville fame, both lives-of-the-party.



● **MOST HOSPITABLE.** Fred MacMurray and pretty wife Lillian (above top), noted for their delightful parties at home.



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fits ALL CHEMISTS—fit his coat.

The Body in the Box

Continued from page 5

"Well, it's this way," said Mr. Oats, spreading his hands on his knees. "You know my little habit of prowling?"

"Uhu."

"Anywhere. Back streets, side turnings, little pubs; parts of London I've never seen before. That's what I like about London—"

"What happened?" demanded Wally Penn, who'd had some of this before.

"I'm telling you. I started from Hammermith to-night and went on and on. I don't know where I didn't get. Miles. In the fog, too. I finished up in a pub by the river called The Perryman. I don't know where it is."

"Could be found," said Wally Penn.

"Yes, well, before that," Mr. Oats wandered. "You probably know things that I don't. Tell me, if you can—was a murder committed a fortnight ago to-night?"

"Murder!" Wally Penn heaved himself up an inch or two in his comfortable chair and took a deep drink. "Where?" he asked.

"Well—anywhere," said Mr. Oats.

"Just fourteen days ago?" Wally Penn shook his head. "No. Nor thirteen. Nor fifteen. There's been no good murder for ages."

"I see."

"You seem disappointed," suggested Wally Penn.

"But Mr. Oats quickly brightened. "Of course if he's still in the box who'd know? Yes! Murder will out, they say, but until it does—"

Didn't somebody disappear two weeks ago?"

Sadness settled down on Wally Penn.

"What are newspapers published for?" he asked.

"I know," Mr. Oats confessed. "But so many things happen. And crosswords and chess problems are more in my way—Was it Willoughby Bond, the City magnate who cleared out with half the funds of the Silver Security Company? Ruining about twenty thousand people?"

"It was Willoughby Bond," said Wally Penn wearily. "Just two weeks ago to-night."

"That's right. I remember now. I read something about it."

"Really!" exclaimed Wally Penn. "Here's half the world looking for the missing financier and the odd million or so he forgot to leave behind when he went, and you read something about it!"

"Sorry," said Mr. Oats.

"What about starting at the end and working backwards and letting me fit it together?" said Wally Penn.

Whereupon Mr. Oats told his story.

When he had finished Wally Penn muttered: "Mystery Man With Tap Toe." Hundred Pounds Passed in Sinister Riverside Inn. "The Body in the Box." Yes...

He sat up suddenly. "Good lord! I wonder if that is it? Funny if he could keep himself out of the way for a whole fortnight without getting out of the country—which he hasn't. I mean, everybody knows his face..."

They talked and talked. Unevenly, with Mr. Oats doing most of the listening. And at twenty minutes past three they said good-bye on the doorstep.

"Listen," said Wally Penn. "I'll phone you during the morning. For Pete's sake keep away from the police till then. We can't for ever, naturally, but if they start broadcasting for old Tap Toe the cat'll be out of the bag. I must think."

And into the fog went Wally Penn.

It was not until nearly time for lunch the next day that Wally Penn phoned Mr. Oats—a couple of dozen words which cut short Mr. Oats' lunch and sent him out by the tube to Wimbledon, where Wally was waiting for him at the barrier.

"Come along," said the reporter, beginning to hurry almost before the ticket had left Mr. Oats' hand.

"Where do we go?"

"Just along."

But they went for the first part in a taxi, which Wally Penn paid off at the corner of a tree-lined avenue on the edge of the Common. Down this avenue they turned.

"I found The Perryman this morning," said Wally. "Nothing doing. I mean, the landlord didn't know the two chaps. He could only just remember them. Anyway, he'd never seen them before."

"You've been busy," said Mr. Oats.

"I've been busier than that," said Wally. "Ah, here we are."

He stopped in front of a narrow wooden door set in a high brick wall, through which, after a cautious glance up and down the empty avenue, he piloted Mr. Oats. They stood in a moment beside a large shed under three elm trees. Tall shrubs and the wall behind them hid a wider world from their view.

"I spent a whole hour hereabouts at ten this morning," said Wally Penn. "Keep as quiet as you can. There's only servants, but we'll get on better without them. Here's the door. Follow Uncle Walter."

"Where are we?" asked Mr. Oats, inside the shed.

"Stately home of Mr. Willoughby Bond," replied Wally. "Shed in spacious garden of. Now," he added, pointing, "what about this?"

"Oh!" exclaimed Mr. Oats.

It was a box or large chest some five feet in length, half-hidden under odds and ends at the dark end of the shed. It seemed old and very stout and was bound with iron, with a great padlock.

"Do you mean—"

"I don't know anything," said Wally. He pulled a queerly-shaped piece of slim metal from his pocket and held it up. "After a wasted half-hour this morning I gave that box best and went out to Camden Town. A pal of mine is a burglar. Well, used to be. He says this ought to do the trick."

Down on his knees went Wally Penn and got to work. Presently there was a click.

"Can you bear to look?" he asked.

"I—" said Mr. Oats, four feet away.

Wally Penn hoisted the heavy lid of the big box and a silent second passed.

"You can look," said Wally with a sigh, and Mr. Oats looked.

The box was empty.

"And," the reporter went on wearily, "it hasn't been full for years."

He lowered the lid.

"Let's get out," he said, "before we're spotted."

Walking back along the avenue he found more to say.

"I managed to buy my way all over the house this morning. There's no box there, none big enough. There was just a chance. Of course he was last heard of at Liverpool Street, buying a first-class ticket to Ipswich. Not that he ever arrived there. Mind you, partner, when we find this box—if ever we find it—it may not be Willoughby Bond's body inside it."

"Well, I never said—"

"I'm going back to Fleet Street,"

WHAT'S the Answer

TEST YOUR KNOWLEDGE ON THESE QUESTIONS:

- 1—This is the week of St. Valentine's Day—February 14. Which reminds us that St. Valentine was a Christian martyr of the 3rd century—an ancient King of Bavaria—a medieval Franciscan friar—a legendary figure.
- 2—Paraffin oil? Yes, of course, it's obtained from Carbide of calcium—shale—sap of cone-bearing trees—coal.
- 3—The death occurred recently of the Duke of Connaught. He was Queen Victoria's Nephew—last surviving child—grandson—first cousin once removed—last surviving son.
- 4—One of these is a sort of fowl—Amphora—cayuga—antona—gentian.
- 5—"Take a gill of milk," says the recipe, whereupon you hastily recall that a gill is A quarter pint—half a pint—three-quarters of a pint—one-eighth of a pint.
- 6—A gift for the keen First Alders! The occipital arteries are in your

- Arms—legs—head—feet—behind the collarbone.
- 7—"A maid whom there were none to praise And very few to love." Very pathetic! And the hapless maid in question was Maud—Evangeline—Lady Clara Vere de Vere—Lucy—Christabel.
 - 8—The mystery flight of Herr Hess has long since ceased to hold the limelight. Still, you doubtless remember that the ploughman who found him was John Andrews—Andrew MacDougal—James Wallace—David McLean.
 - 9—Yes, the coffee plant has flowers. They are Pink—yellow—dark red—white—speckled orange.
 - 10—Lucky last—sort out these countries in descending order of their area. Denmark—Belgium—Holland.

Answers on page 21

Wally Penn interrupted. "What about you?"

"I think," said Mr. Oats, "I'll just prow about."

He prowled out of Wimbledon and from one grey suburb to another, with the lazy man's interest in a thousand things by the way. Half-past four found him outside a decayed cinema, looking for want of something better to do, at the photographs of scenes from the films displayed in their shabby frames.

And thus occupied, he became aware that the toe was tapping again.

Mr. Oats' head jumped away from the photograph frame with a great jerk. He looked around, though the toe had stopped tapping now.

A score or so of people were about the cinema steps, all crowding to get in.

Mr. Oats hastened to a small golden grille, bought a ticket, and mingled with the little crowd as it made its way into the cinema.

In his seat in the back row, near the door, Mr. Oats spent several hours of misery. To expect more of Tap Toe until the films had worked their way round to the point

where the little crowd had come in was to expect the impossible. Nevertheless he used his ears more than he used his eyes and saw perhaps less than a pennyworth of the show for which he had paid one-and-threepence.

By eight o'clock that evening he told himself that something had gone wrong. Not another sound of Tap Toe had been heard.

Only one thing on the screen had really interested him, and that was a living picture of the missing financier himself; or, rather, a series of living pictures, taken from the right and the left and the front. Together with the announcement that one thousand pounds would be given for information leading to the discovery of the whereabouts.

Mr. Oats made his way out of the cinema side by side with a snoring man whose hair seemed too long and whose overcoat was remarkable. "Sacrilege!" he snarled as they reached the pavement. "Call it acting! Acting! Huh! Dope for the masses! Treacle! Something out of a tin, liked baked beans! Where's the inspiration?"

Please turn to page 15

[ADVERTISEMENT]

Smart socialite, Mrs. L. S. McArthur, and her daughter, Joy, have both taken up Glaide. "Glaide liquid hosiery is the most sensible idea for years," says Mrs. McArthur. Joy says: "I wear Glaide everywhere and I never felt smarter." Buy a bottle of Glaide Liquid Hosiery and pour yourself one pair of stockings after another. Insist on Glaide to get that cool glamour and sheer silky appearance. Glaide is sold at all chemist shops, beauty salons or department stores. Three ultra smart shades to choose from.



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You can reduce easily and simply as this lady did. She lost 20 lb. in two months and feels better than she has for years—just by taking an occasional capsule of Youth-o-form with a wineglassful of water.

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Read yourself of the stirring overweight which destroys energy and happiness. Read this letter from Mrs. E.T. of Birmingham Bay—

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YOUTH-O-FORM

The Body in the Box

Continued from page 14

"**Q**UITE," agreed Mr. Oats. He put his companion down as an actor out of work.

"Do you remember Irving?" the morning man demanded—loudly.

"And Tree? Alexander? Were they shadows? I tell you, sir, it's sacrilege!"

And he waved a passing bus to a stop and rode out of Mr. Oats' life.

Mr. Oats made his way home in a mental muddle. Was Willoughby Bond's the body in the box? If not, where was Willoughby Bond, and was he, Mr. Oats, really looking for him? Where was the body? And when you came to go into it, why sacrilege?

Or (for a last question) was the out-of-work actor off his head?

It was late on the following afternoon before Mr. Oats next spoke to Wally Penn, and then only for the minute or two which was all his friend could spare between rushing into the "Daily Sphere" office and dashing out again.

"Doesn't get us many places, does it?" said the reporter. "By which, partner, is meant that if a thousand people visited the cinema yesterday, how do we get their names and addresses? Of course, if he's a regular the man on the door might know him."

"Look here," said Wally, "where can I get in touch with this evening? Say quarter-past eight. Or half-past."

"Why not outside the cinema?"

"Yes, all right; that'll do. Half-past eight."

"Right."

Mr. Oats' mental muddle had continued throughout this day and continued now. He could settle to nothing. He couldn't read. That line of questions came past him again and again, and Mr. Oats found himself cursing the out-of-work actor for getting himself mixed up with them.

Sacrilege! (There it was again!) What particularly puzzled Mr. Oats was how Tap Toe had managed to get out of the cinema before him. He had listened, he could have sworn, to every footstep that came up and went down the picture palace gangway. But by some means Tap Toe had slipped past him and got out.

Or . . . had he?

What if he, Mr. Oats, had come out first, leaving Tap Toe behind?

But then . . .

Sacrilege! Confound the word and the man who had spoken it! As if you could speak of sacrilege in connection with—

Which stopped Mr. Oats and made him think.

"Why, yes," he exclaimed. "Yes! You could. And if I left Tap Toe

behind—now I wonder . . . Oh, yes, I've got it! There's no doubt! I've got it . . . I hope . . ."

And so excited was he that he had to put on his hat and prowl until it was time to meet Wally Penn.

Approaching the dingy cinema Mr. Oats found that Wally was already there and pacing up and down on the pavement outside. As soon as he caught sight of Mr. Oats he came hurrying along to meet him. There was a wide grin on his face.

"I've got it!" he whispered.

Mr. Oats looked dismayed. If two of them had got it it must be easy.

"Got it?" he echoed.

"I've found Tap Toe!"

"Go on," said Mr. Oats. "Did you ask the man on the door?"

"I did not, because Tap Toe is the man on the door!"

Mr. Oats nodded slowly.

"Don't say you knew!" gasped Wally Penn. "You don't seem surprised."

"No, I can't say I am surprised," Mr. Oats admitted. "He can't have been walking about when I passed him yesterday. Just holding the door open. Yes, I see. The man on the door . . . No, I'm not surprised one little bit."

"Oh!" said Wally Penn, in his turn facing an anti-climax.

"I suppose you haven't got a torch?" Mr. Oats inquired. "Pocket torch?"

"I have not," said Wally.

"Better buy one."

And in a shop a little farther along the street he bought two, giving one to Wally Penn.

Then he said: "We have an hour or two to waste. I think we'll go down the street to the pictures."

There was a very full house and talk was out of the question. Most of the times Mr. Oats snoozed, only rousing himself when the film of Willoughby Bond was shown again.

By ten-fifteen the last film was showing signs of its approaching end.

"Come on," said Mr. Oats, nudging Wally in the arm and rising.

There was only one way into the cinema, but there were several ways out. Mr. Oats led the way through a side door and the two men found themselves in a carpeted corridor.

The corridor was quite empty; of this Mr. Oats made sure before he moved. A red hand, with the word EXIT, pointed right.

Suddenly he turned left and dashed away, with Wally behind him.

Half-way up a staircase they came to a landing in which a door was set some twelve inches up in the

wall. This door made Mr. Oats pull up. There was not a sound save the slight sound they were making. He opened the door and in a recess saw a folding ladder and a coiled fire-hose.

"Good!" he said. And he climbed into the recess, pulled Wally Penn after him and closed the door.

"Keep still," commanded Mr. Oats, "and keep quiet. No talk! If we're found it's all up."

Not until the luminous dial of his watch showed one o'clock did Mr. Oats prepare to make a move. Then he put his mouth close to Wally's ear.

"Not a word and not a sound! We shall be in the dark and I don't know where we're going."

"Do you know why?"

"Yes. We're going to find the body in the box! At least, I hope so. Tell me, was Willoughby Bond connected with cinemas?"

"What wasn't he connected with? Anything that offered an odd million or so. Yes, he was connected with cinemas. He first turned up as manager of a little one in the north. That was his start. Now he owns a chain—"

"All right. Come on."

He pushed open the door and they stepped from a darkness in which breathing had become a pain into a darkness where, astonishingly, fresh air struck their faces.

For a moment or two Mr. Oats made no further move. Then, clinging to Wally's sleeve, he turned from the landing and slowly, feeling his way from step to step, ascended to the top of the staircase, where the source of the fresh air was revealed.

A copper-colored square, high up, proved to be, after an amount of staring, a tiny section of the night sky of London, high up because it was at the top of a flight of stairs, with the door to which, open in front of them, Mr. Oats nearly collided in the gloom.

"The way to the roof!" he whispered. "Open!"

"Somebody up there?" Wally whispered back.

"You're younger than I am. You could nip up and down in half the time. See who it is. Don't be seen. And don't make a sound. If I'm not here when you get back wait for me. Don't move away from this door."

Mr. Oats waited until he saw the head of Wally Penn rising like a black moon into the copper-colored square, then he proceeded on his way along the corridor. The corridor turned and he turned with it. He stopped because he had to, with his nose on a wall.

Not a sound was to be heard. Screening his torch with his hand, he risked a little light. To his right was a green door. He opened it, peeped inside, withdrew his head quickly and closed the door. When he got back to the rendezvous Wally Penn was already there.

"Yes, there's a bloke on the roof!" said the reporter.

"Likely to come down soon?"

"I don't think so."

"Good! Come with me."

Mr. Oats led the way round the corridor to the green door, opened it and guided Wally inside, closing the door behind him.

"Now," he said, "But keep your voice down still."

"The bloke's just walking round and round, like a prisoner on the exercise ground. Except that he's smoking a cigar. Do you really think it's—"

"It's Willoughby Bond!"

"If we could be sure . . ."

"Kneel down and put out your hand."

Wally Penn did as he was ordered. He touched something soft and his hands began to move across its surface. Then a whisper came up from him.

"A mattress and blankets!"

"And across in that corner is a tray with food and a bottle of whisky and glasses. I've seen them. I don't like to show much light, but there's something else. Ready? A quick peep!"

A thin beam of light shot on and Wally Penn took his quick peep. He saw a pile of neatly-folded clothes that had started their career in Savile Row, with, on the top of them, something which glittered in the moving light. A horse-shoe tie-pin . . . The light went out.

"Yes!" said Wally. "The very pin we saw on the film downstairs last night. It's Bond all right. But what puzzles me—"



"What makes Jack look so worried?"

"Oh, he's contesting his wife's will."

"His wife's will? I didn't know she was dead."

"She isn't."

"We'd better be moving," said Mr. Oats.

Progressing an inch at a time, they came in a quarter of an hour to the foyer.

"Now," said Mr. Oats. "What is it that puzzles you?"

"His clothes in that room. He's not walking about on the roof nude."

"He's probably walking about in Tap Toe's cast-offs," said Mr. Oats.

"Ah! Yes! He comes in as a famous financier and goes out as a deck-hand or something. Most likely works his passage to where he's got somebody else's fortune in salt. Yes! He sends all the money he's embezzled on in advance to some foreign clime, and travels light and ragged to where it is as soon as his appearance fits his rags. What a wheeze!"

"I suppose by now his famous eyebrows are plucked to nothing and his moustache is really coming on," said Mr. Oats. "He probably looks like anybody—or would after another week or two."

"Tap Toe does his charring?"

"Must."

"And there's the go-between who passes odd hundreds in out-of-way pubs on Sunday night, though where he is—and who he is . . . I'd better get the police. Plenty of 'em!"

"There's a little side door over there," said Mr. Oats. "Looks like an emergency staff door, or something like that. The key's on the inside. I saw it when we came in. Shall I let you out and wait here?"

They found the door and opened

it. As Wally Penn pulled up his overcoat collar he said:

"What a front-page splash this is going to be! In a house he'd have given himself away, or been given away by somebody. But here, with nobody to look and only one chap to bribe—"

He stopped and put his hand on Mr. Oats' arm.

"How did you know he was in that room upstairs—or think he was? What put you on to it?"

"Something an old actor said about sacrilege," replied Mr. Oats. "I didn't know what he meant at first. When I did I made me think a bit harder than I had been doing. I'd been looking for a body in a box, remember."

"Well?"

"I suppose to an old actor it would be sacrilege to turn a theatre into a cinema. I put that and Tap Toe together and it made four. This place used to be a theatre, you see. That room upstairs isn't a room at all. It's a box."

"Oh!!!" said Wally Penn.

"Who," asked Mr. Oats, "would ever look inside the box of a cinema? A theatre, yes, but not a cinema. Just a place for keeping junk. Anyway, it made four, and I saw. Thought I did. Now I know I did. Get the police!"

"Yes," said Wally, and hurried away.

And Mr. Oats sat alone in the dark foyer and wondered how you set about spending a thousand pounds when you weren't used to it.

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A. & F. PEARS PTY. LTD.

PB. 7.27

"Damp-set"

YOUR HAIR



"Centaurette"
Style by
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It works on hair of any texture . . . on any wave, natural or permanent . . . takes but four minutes! Hollywood stars are wildly enthusiastic over damp-setting—amazing discovery of a famous American beauty chemist. You will be, too, for damp-setting with VELMOL revives your waves and curls and gives your hair new, smart sheen.

JUST THREE EASY STEPS in damp-setting. 1. Run a wet comb through your hair to damp it. 2. Brush a few drops of VELMOL through your hair, and 3. Arrange waves and curls with fingers and comb—just as you like it best.

You'll be delighted! Hair looks so silky-soft and natural—never "stiff" or oily—and the wave stays put! Even a finger wave will last for days! Ask for VELMOL, from chemist, store or hairdresser.



John Curtin

PRIME MINISTER
AUSTRALIA

HISTORY will probably assess John Curtin as the man who spoke up for Australia and defined her place in the strategy of the Pacific war. He is the supreme example of the old adage that "the time produces the man."

From a rather colorless Leader of the Opposition, he stepped into the Prime Ministership, and proved as big a man in his own job as Churchill and Roosevelt in theirs.

While the Australian nation was alternately delighted or staggered by his pronouncement that, "without any inhibitions, I make it quite clear that

Australia looks to America, free of any pangs as to our traditional links of kinship with the United Kingdom," the English were quick to sense the voice of another leader, a war-winning voice, a man anxious to get on with the job.

What they thought has been crystallised by an editorial writer in a London newspaper, who said: "Curtin has decided that Australia, eager to share every hazard of war, will no longer be the victim of the hazards of incompetence. He has decided that, instead of policy being controlled by events, events must be controlled by policy."

FASHION PORTFOLIO

February 14, 1942

The Australian Women's Weekly

17

Pepping up your

SUMMER SUITS

• If you are a clever budgeteer you will get a couple of sleekly-tailored little suits—one for daytime and one for evening—one ring in fascinating changes with gay and inexpensive tops. Sketched in anti-clockwise direction are: Pastel-blue silk crepe blouse gathered into a yoke. Casual red silk shirt with long sleeves. Emerald-green sheer wool jacket garnished with box pleats. Long evening jacket with bright flowers on a ground of white jersey.



• A trim little suit of heavy corded silk in pale beige that is guaranteed to keep you looking cool and poised on the hottest days. The jacket is immaculately tailored and the skirt is gored.

• Stunning evening suit done in royal blue sheer wool. It looks equally fetching minus the jacket and with a gay blouse topping the skirt. If you are budget-minded you might add a long skirt to your daytime jacket.

All round the clock...



- If you're slim, a slacksuit is indispensable in a rationed wardrobe. Lime-green gabardine makes this one.
- You could wear this casual all-purpose coat practically round the clock. It's in two shades of blue woollen, stripes running horizontally in front and vertically at back. (Top centre.)

- Sweater top and pleated skirt in lime-green, tan, and darker brown. Jumper is interchangeable with slacks opposite, and slacksuit coat can be worn with skirt.



Amazing HALF-HEAD Tests

Prove New Shampoo's Glorifying Action

Clearly Prove 4 Amazing Advantages

1. 33% more lustre.
2. Leaves hair silkier.
3. Faster, safer perms.
4. Safeguards hair's elasticity.



Thrill to see your hair glorified by this amazing new shampoo — proved by the most daring tests ever made on a shampoo!

SHOWS THRILLING DIFFERENCE: LEFT: Soap-washed side—dull, lifeless. RIGHT: Colinated side. Hair like silk.

UNIQUE "half-head tests"—one side washed with Colinated foam, the other with soap or powder shampoo—gave amazing results: 1. Hair washed with Colinated foam was up to 33% more lustrous. 2. Fell smoother and silkier. 3. Retained natural curl. 4. Took better "perms," faster. Not a soap, not an oil, this new Colinated foam can't make that

gummy, unrinseable "scum" of alkaline soaps and powder shampoos. Leaves hair silky—soft and glistening, and twice as thrilling. Washes away completely all dirt, grease and loose dandruff.

Ask your chemist, store or hair-dresser for a bottle of Colinated foam Shampoo. (Economical, too, because it costs less than 4d. a shampoo.)

● Stunning hostess dinner or dance gown in jungle-flower print, brown and yellow on a white background. The sash is mustard-gold, with ends reaching nearly to the floor.

Baby's Happiness



You'll have smiles instead of tears at teething time if you give baby Ashton & Parsons' Infants' Powders. They cool the blood, act as a gentle laxative and have a comforting effect. Wise mothers always keep them handy because they are so safe and reliable.

★ Box of 20 Powders, 1/7

ASHTON & PARSONS' INFANTS' POWDERS

Write for a FREE SAMPLE to PHOSFERINE (ASHTON & PARSONS) LTD.
POST OFFICE BOX 34, NORTH SYDNEY, NEW SOUTH WALES

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

Chic collar and cuff set

Designed especially for smarter business girls

• Say what you will, a business girl cuts a smarter figure in a trim dress garnished with collar and cuffs than her colleague dripping with frills.

OUR needlework designer is very conscious of the business girl's dress needs—that is why she makes provision every now and again for attractive collar and cuff sets.

She knows that wise girls and women adore them, and seeing that variety is the spice of life new designs are always welcome.

The set featured this week comes to you already traced on lovely materials for cutting out and making up.

You may have the set in snow-white organdie or in blue, lemon, or green for 1/11.

Or if you prefer sheer linen you may choose between white, tussore, blue, lemon, pink, green, and saxe-blue. Price, 2/6 the set.

And when you order, please add 21d. for postage and quote No. 193.

The edges of the flower motifs are buttonholed and french knots or eyelets for the spots will serve. Stem-stitch radiating lines.

Stranded cottons for working also available from our Needlework Department for 4d. per skein.



YOU'LL look as nice as the girl in the picture if you wear this charming collar and cuff set.

Snappy beach outfit . . .

EASY to make and delightful to wear is this beach suit from our Needlework Department. The very latest style, it will find immediate favor with lovers of the sand and sea.

Pattern is clearly traced on good quality white waffle cloth, and on slub linen, in white, natural, saxe-blue, green and white.

The amusing embroidery motif comes in red for applique purposes.

Sizes: 32 and 34-inch bust, price 12/6; 36 and 38-inch bust, price 13/6.

Please add 61d. for postage, and quote No. 180 when ordering.

Paper pattern only, price 1/7; embroidery transfer, price 1/6.



THIS smart ready-to-make beach suit can be had from our Needlework Department. Order now.

Sunsuit for the little chap

THIS very useful garment has been designed for little boys 2 to 6 years of age. It is obtainable from our Needlework Department traced on linora or sheer linen, all in readiness to cut out, machine, and then embroider.

You may have it in white, cream, blue, lemon, pink or green linora or sheer linen. Both materials, as you know, launder and wear well.

In linora, sizes to fit boys 2 to 4 years, price 3/11; 4 to 6 years, price 4/11.

In sheer linen, 2 to 4 years, price 6/11; 4 to 6 years, price 7/11.

Please add 4d. extra for postage.

Paper pattern only, price 1/4; embroidery transfer, price 1/6.



POCKETS in which to put his string and other valuables are one of the features of this sun and play suit. Read all about it.

SEND TO THIS ADDRESS:

Adelaide: Box 288A, G.P.O. Brisbane: Box 409F, G.P.O. Melbourne: Box 1850, G.P.O. Newcastle: Box 41, G.P.O. Perth: Box 4910, G.P.O. Sydney: Box 4083W, G.P.O. If mailing, 158 Castlereagh St. Tasmania: Write to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 1850, G.P.O., Melbourne. New Zealand: Write to Sydney Office.

PAIN

that kept her in bed.

Terrible, dragging spasms so bad she missed a day from work every month.

Discover for yourself the complete, lasting and safe relief of period pain that you can get with a couple of little Myzone tablets. When you want to sit down and cry with the pain and that terrible feeling of weakness . . . let Myzone's marvellous acetamin (anti-spasm) compound bring you blessed comfort without "doping."



"It's remarkable how Myzone banishes that languid dependency. It's science's greatest gift to women!"



Just take two Myzone tablets with water or cup of tea. Try Myzone with your next "pain." All chemists.

You Can Get Quick Relief From Tired Eyes

EYES OVERWORKED? Do they smart and burn? Just put two drops of Murine in each eye. Right away its six extra ingredients start to cleanse and soothe. You get—



QUICK RELIEF! Murine washes away irritation. Your eyes feel refreshed. Murine is alkaline—pure and gentle. It helps thousands—start to-day to let it help you, too.

MURINE
FOR YOUR EYES

SOOTHES · CLEANSSES · REFRESHES

Hard, burning, achy

CORNS

Lift right out

One drop does it

Corns that hurt, burn, throb and ache can be removed swiftly with this new type of antiseptic treatment. Simply apply a drop of Frosol-Ice, and its special anaesthetic action will stop pain in 3 seconds. Then corn or callus starts to wither up, work loose, and you can pick it right out with your finger-tips. Frosol-Ice is the new, safe, instant-drying remover that does not hurt healthy tissues. Chemists and stores everywhere sell Frosol-Ice.

Keeps you 'peppy' as a five-year-old...
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**THE ONE SOAP FOR ALL THE FAMILY!**

There's zippy exhilaration in Guardian's tangy triple-action lather. You're clean, extra clean, with a "pepped-up" feeling all over — your skin all a-tingle with glorious good health! Buy Guardian today — every man-sized tablet is real joy for the whole family.

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A
LARGE TABLET
2 for 7½d.

(CITY AND SUBURBS)



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SPECIAL CONCESSION PATTERN

SUMMER TRIO.—32, 34, 36-inch bust.
No. 1.—Requires 2½yds., 36ins. wide.
No. 2.—Requires 2½yds., 36ins. wide.
No. 3.—Requires 2½yds., 36ins. wide.

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AVAILABLE for one month from date of issue. 3d. stamp must be forwarded for each coupon enclosed. Patterns over one month old 3d. extra.
Send your order to "Pattern Department," to the address in your State, as under:—
Box 388A, G.P.O., Adelaide.
Box 4910, G.P.O., Perth.
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terns may be called for or obtained by post.
PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS

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Please Note!

To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: * Write your name and full address in block letters. * Be sure to include necessary stamps and postal notes. * State size required. * For children state age of child. * Use box numbers given on concession coupon.



F2113

F2099

F2099.—Simple but effective evening gown with corselette waistline and full skirt. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 5½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/10.

F2542.—Gingham play frock with matching bolero featuring contrasting revers. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 3½yds. for frock, 1½yds. for bolero, and ½yd. contrast. Pattern, 1/7.

F3209.—Summery frock with long, slim bodice and pleated skirt. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 4½yds. and ½yd. contrast, 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F2218.—Slimly tailored slip with a dainty lace trim. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 3½yds., 36ins. wide, and 1½yds. of 1¼in. wide lace. Pattern, 1/4.

F1853.—Smart matron's style with gathered bodice and crisp collar. 38 to 44 bust. Requires 4½yds. and ½yd. contrast, 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F2099.—Simple but effective evening gown with corselette waistline and full skirt. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 5½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/10.

F2113.—Straight, boxy jacket that is flattering and comfortable. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 1½yds., 54ins. wide. Pattern, 1/4.



River of Doubt

Continued from page 3

A REMINIS-
CENT look came into his eyes as he went on:

"This was a good proposition he had. Scotty co-operated so thoroughly that we rounded up the whole gang of thieves and convicted them, largely on Scotty's testimony, of conspiracy to defraud."

Suddenly he checked his reminiscences, and asked: "Has Scotty Dougal something to do with this mining proposition of yours?"

"I'm afraid he has," the girl said. "He tried to reach you by cable a couple of months ago, and when that failed he wrote me and asked that I locate you and get you to go down to Brazil and help him."

"Why in the devil didn't you tell me that in the first place?"

"Dougal insisted that I try to get you to come down without mentioning his name. He explained that he did not want you accepting purely out of friendship if you had other plans. Personally, I suspect he wanted to surprise you. He seems to think you're the only man who can handle the job properly."

Mark chuckled. "Gather you don't see eyes to eye with him in that, Miss Ames?"

"Mr. Crosby, now that you know Ian Dougal is behind this offer," she said, "suppose we just leave my personal feelings out of it."

"Fair enough," Mark conceded. "What sort of trouble has Scotty got into this time?"

She leaned forward. "What do you know about manganese?"

He was surprised. Her voice had changed and a livelier interest replaced the irony he had detected before.

"Very little," he acknowledged, "except that it is used in the making of steel, and I believe, quite rare."

She nodded. "That's right. It is vital to the steel industry and that makes it one of the world's key metals. As you may know, there are only a very few really important deposits in the world. Russia has the largest, then India, and then Brazil."

"Russia is utilizing most of her own deposits, and India is turbulent and uncertain. So America must get her supply from Brazil, and you can see how important it is to our country at this particular time."

"So?"

"Well, Ian Dougal has discovered one of the richest manganese deposits in the hinterland of Brazil. He should be shipping hundreds of tons of it here to the States. Instead he hasn't shipped a ton in three months. And he stands to lose his concession."

Mark whistled softly. "Dougal is rated one of the best mining men in the country. What's wrong?"

She looked at him a long time. Finally, "That, Mr. Detective, is your job," she said.

He grinned. "That suits me! When do I start?"

"Have you a passport?"

"It's over two years old. I'll have to get it reissued."

"How soon can you leave otherwise?"

"On ten minutes' notice. When my coat's buttoned, my trunk's locked, if you get the idea, Miss Ames."

Her fingers tightened around her purse. "Splendid! To-morrow, I'll arrange for your plane ticket and an advance and cable Dougal to meet you in Para. It is quite settled then?" She had risen.

"Quite. May I see you to a cab?"

She shook her head. "Thanks, but I'd rather go out alone. I'll call you to-morrow." She gave him her hand, then turned and walked to the elevator.

Mark went out for a stroll. He needed fresh air to think this thing over. When he returned to the hotel, Joe, the night clerk, beckoned him to the desk.

Joe glanced furtively around to make sure no one was within earshot, then lowered his voice to a confidential whisper.

"Say, Mr. Crosby, there was a party in here a few minutes ago asking questions about you, an' I thought—"

"You mean that girl—"

The clerk wagged his head. "No, it was after she went out. I got a hunch this guy was talkin' her, 'cause he asked if I'd seen her, and who you was. Wanted to know if you'd ever been to Brazil. I said, where's—"

"Whoa! Say that again, Joe! You're certain he said Brazil?"

"Shelp me, Mr. Crosby! I told him I don't know where you been. Then he said was you a mining man, an' I said no, you'd been a dick in the D.A.'s office. That rocked him on his heels."

"Humm! What did he say to that?"

"Nothin'. He went over to the phone booth and made three calls; I heard the coins drop. Afterwards he came back and told me to keep my mouth shut and walked out."

"What did he look like, Joe?"

Joe winced. "To tell the truth, Mr. Crosby, he looked like some sort of a cop."

Mark stood in thoughtful silence a moment. "Well, thanks, Joe," he said, and went on up to his room.

Now that he had committed himself to take the job, he was torn by indecision. He began to wish he had insisted on more details from the girl, some assurance that old Ian Dougal really was behind the deal. He had faith in the dour old Scot. He wondered about the stranger who looked like "some sort of a cop."

Prodding the battered little rocker into position by the window, he turned off the drop-light and raised the shade. The garish sign across the street splashed him with alternating light and darkness. He shed his coat, propped his feet on the sill and started his pipe.

A crisp knock brought him to his feet. He crossed the room and opened the door. A man walked quickly inside and pushed the door shut behind him.

The answer is—

- 1—A Christian martyr of the 3rd century.
- 2—Coal.
- 3—Last surviving son.
- 4—Ancona.
- 5—A quarter pint.
- 6—Head.
- 7—Lucy. (In Wordsworth's poem, "Lucy.")
- 8—David McLean.
- 9—White.
- 10—Denmark, Holland, Belgium.

Questions on page 14

Ian Dougal was shot through the back a few days ago. He may not pull through."

Mark swore softly. "You say Miss Ames doesn't know?"

"We're watching her cables. So far she doesn't. Dougal had come out to the coast to cable her about getting you. He was shot right after that. He's in the hospital at Para, getting the best of attention, but it is too soon to tell much about his condition."

"Now as far as we know, Irene Ames is all right. She is friendly with a young man named Liggett, who keeps the company books. We're checking back on him now. He quit his last job precipitously and raced off to Brazil. That's about all we know."

"Who shot Dougal?"

Williams chuckled without mirth. "That," he said, "would be hard to say."

He gave Mark a shrewd sidelong glance. "Still want to go south?"

"As soon as possible."

Williams rose to his feet. "I figured you would. Now don't try to communicate with us here. If you discover anything significant contact our consuls in Brazil. But watch your step. If you get into any serious jams, the government can't help you. We're trying to keep diplomatic relations with South American countries on a very smooth basis. I don't want to seem callous, but—"

Please turn to page 24

SURFER'S FOOT



thrive in hot steaming feet

Be on your guard against this crippling infection. Look between your toes at night. If the skin is cracked, moist and gummy or itchy, it is probably due to Surfer's Foot. Don't delay—treat this stubborn infection with IODEX, which kills the germs and quickly soothes and heals the damaged tissue.

In severe cases see your doctor.



FROM ALL CHEMISTS, 2/1

Beauty Specialist's Grey Hair Secret

Tells How to Make Simple Remedy to Darken Grey Hair at Home.

Sister Hope, a popular beauty specialist of Sydney, recently gave out this advice about grey hair:—"Anyone can easily prepare a simple mixture at home, at very little cost, to darken grey, streaked or faded hair and make it soft, lustrous and free of dandruff. Mix the following yourself to save unnecessary expense:—To a half-pint of water add 1 ounce of Bay Rum, a small box of Orlax Compound and 1 ounce of Glycerine. These can be obtained at any chemist's. Apply to the hair a couple of times a week until the desired shade results. Years of age should fall from the appearance of any grey haired person using this preparation. It does not discolour the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off."



but it's Rough on Young Digestions

CAKES and sweets—ice-cream and dainties—all so very, very tempting . . . and very, very nice. But they mean trouble for sensitive young tummies unless Nature can free the system of acid-forming waste.

After any sort of rich or strange foods, the best thing is to give the kiddy a Laxette at bed-time. For more than 30 years Laxettes have been famed as the ideal laxative for children. They're safe, certain and reliable—free from habit-forming drugs and purgatives. And because they taste only of delicious chocolate, kiddies take them without the slightest protest. Get a supply today from your usual chemist or store. But look for the word LAXETTES on the lid; make certain you get the genuine article.



LAXETTES
CORRECT FAULTY ELIMINATION
STANDARD SIZE (18 Tablets) 1/7d. TRIAL SIZE 6d.



You Can Instantly Reduce your Waist and Hips

Wear a FIGURE CONTROL CORSET to look slimmer, younger and smarter. It gives natural, balanced support, slims waist, hips and thighs, and flattens the abdomen with positive cross-over frontal control. Its gentle, almost imperceptible, massage-like action beautifies your figure with every move you make.

The FIGURE CONTROL CORSET will NEVER let you down! It is tailor-cut and tailor-made, to your own measurements, of beautifully-figured corset fabric to reduce, control and support the figure in comfort and safety.



SENT 7 DAYS' FREE TRIAL ON

Try the FIGURE CONTROL CORSET for 7 days, to prove that it will reduce your waist and hips, give comforting support and uplift, and lovely, slim youthful grace and energy to your figure. Every Corset is NEW. If not satisfied, return the Corset and the test will not cost you a penny. Post the FREE coupon, NOW!



Send No Money

Miss Florence Bradshaw, FIGURE CONTROL CORSET CO., 241 Elizabeth St., Sydney. Without cost or obligation, send me full particulars of the FIGURE CONTROL CORSET and your 7 DAYS' FREE TRIAL OFFER.

Name
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The Australian Women's Weekly

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CHEAPER CUTS



MOST of us, nowadays, have to "think twice" before we tell the butcher what we want. We must have meat—but, oh those prices! Pyrex, however, solves the problem; enables you to prepare mouth-watering meat dishes from cheaper cuts. You see—Pyrex cooking extracts the last ounce of flavour and food value from every form of meat (and the cheaper cuts are just as nourishing as the more expensive ones). Nothing is lost. That is why Agee Pyrex is such an excellent wartime investment. And it isn't only a matter of economy, either. Food cooked and served in Pyrex is the sign of a hostess who "knows the right thing." Think it over!

AGEE PYREX

MARKETED BY CROWN CRYSTAL GLASS PTY. LTD.

GIPSY CASSEROLE

1½ lbs. steak (bladebone, chuck, gravy beef, or round),
1 carrot,
½ lb. peas,
2 small onions cut in half,
1 tomato,
Pepper and salt to taste,
¼ tablespoons flour,
1½ cups water or stock.

1. Trim fat from meat and cut into even pieces about 1 in. square. 2. Lightly brown meat on both sides in a little fat in frying pan and place in casserole. 3. Lightly fry vegetables and place in casserole with meat. 4. Make a brown gravy with the flour and stock and pour over ingredients in casserole. 5. Cover and cook in moderate oven 450° F. 2 to 2½ hours. 6. Serve straight from oven to table.

CLEAR . . . BLUE . . . GREEN

DAFFODIL . . . PRIMROSE

W.W. 14/2/42

Intimate JOTTINGS

Am amused at story of Surgeon-Lieut. Pat Reilly, regular player at a Sydney golf course. Is astounded when armed sentry from nearby gun emplacement holds him up and demands that he wait and see officer-in-charge.

Appears that gun-crew observe him take piece of paper from pocket and write on it.

Pat has great difficulty in persuading them that mysterious paper is golf score and he is naval officer despite fact he wears golfing rig.

Governor-General Lord Gowrie, who observes incident, is highly amused at "Army arresting Navy."

COMING to town per Palm Beach bus is too much for pretty Mrs. Henri Plat, who reluctantly gives up her job in the city and retires to rural life at her lovely Palm Beach home.

Small sons Marcel and Michel delighted to have her home with them all day again.

Luncheon guests there are Mrs. D. Coleman and Mrs. Bill Crokan, making their first acquaintance of Palm Beach.

Are delighted and full of praise for lovely home and superb views.

Mrs. Crokan, who lived for the past 15 years in China, is lucky to get her furniture down from the East before the trouble starts.

Has now settled in flat in Yarrababbe Road, Darling Point.

LETTERS from Janice Thompson from home at Bugilbone in Burren Junction are typed these days . . . Janice takes her typing seriously, so each letter is bound to have two or three lines of typing exercises.

"Just keeping my hand in," she writes after each such outburst.

Janice hopes to be in town shortly for a holiday.

RING Mrs. Joe Wilkinson and find her busy packing for herself and daughter Caroline . . . tells me she is letting her Darling Point flat, and leaves shortly for country.

Will stay with Mrs. Claude Conrick, who has just bought new house at Bowral.

VERY sunbathed after fortnight by the sea is Eve Playfair. Stays at Manly with Mrs. Hector Livingstone, who has lovely flat with glorious view of both harbor and ocean.

Eve learns Australian crawl stroke, while Livingstone children, Ann and Dugan, are learning dog paddle.

In same flat building is Mrs. Wal Sawyer, who has her two children there for holiday at the same time.

MEET Mrs. Roger Forrest Hughes at King's Cross, laden with shopping basket. Expects to leave any moment for country station where her son L.A.C. Roger Hughes is stationed with the R.A.A.F.

From previous experience knows green vegetables are hard to get, so is laying in a store of tinned ones to take with her.



MOLLY BREARLEY and her fiancé, Lieutenant Douglas Lamb, read congratulatory telegrams on their engagement before leaving for Jean Kennedy's party in their honor.



YOUNG HELPFULS. Susan Levy (left) and Pat Marsland, who will sell seals at Red Cross Fair at Lady Gowrie Home, Gordon, on April 11.



CHEQUE FOR £150. Mrs. C. G. N. Miles, president of Army Comforts Fund Auxiliary, writes this welcome gift for Mr. Asher Joel, of Lord Mayor's Patriotic Fund, while Mrs. E. McKewen looks on.



VOLUNTARY HELPERS. At the C.U.S.A. restaurant, Bridge Street, Pam Parsons (left) and sisters Dorothy and Patricia Blanch take time off for lunch.



JUST ENGAGED. Pretty Pat Chisholm, of Merrett, and Peter Thompson, of Merrett, celebrate engagement.



DARK-EYED BRIDESMAID. Marie Fagan, of Mandurama, and groomsmen Jack Mingey and Ian MacDonald, of Brisbane, at nuptials of Mary Hawthorne.

Heard Around TOWN

IN inimitable style Mrs. T. H. Kelly relates delightful story of small grandchild over lunch table at Prince's to Mrs. Charles Lloyd Jones.

Tells how she just finishes having her home at Darling Point completely blacked out. Small grandchild, surveying finished article, turns to her and remarks:

"What a pity if the Japs don't come after all your trouble, Granny."

WONDERED why we never see Italian-haired Pat Murray in town these days.

Believe she makes brief appearance once a week to work at C.U.S.A. Hut . . . is so entranced with their new penthouse in Gladwood Gardens that she rarely leaves it and nearby Redleaf Beach these hot days.

"**GLAD** to be in town," says Mrs. John Cutler when I meet her. Complains that Tamworth, where she stays for past month, is unbelievably hot.

Is now staying at Lane Cove with parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Dawes . . . will stay there until her new house at Hunter's Hill is completed.

Has much delight in going over the house now foundations are laid, and the house beginning to take shape.

CONSTANT traveller these days is Mrs. George Edwards, who spends all available time at home in Bowral, where baby Carolyn is ensconced with her nurse in new home.

"**Love** Bowral," says Mrs. Edwards. "I can have a bath, water the garden, and drink as much cream as I like."

BRIEF visit to Sydney for Captain and Mrs. Theo Scales (she was formerly Sheila Martin) after their wedding in Wagga. Both upset by air travel after bumpy flight here.

So decide to travel by train back to Melbourne.

"**But** we mean to come over again and have real holiday," says Sheila as she steps on train.

TOILING on farm means nothing to me," writes Harold Pheeny, of Moruya, in a letter home. Harold is a prisoner of war in Germany, and is working on a German farm . . . says farming methods cruder than ours.

Adds: "Our Red Cross parcels are coming through now. And wasn't it good to have a smoke of good tobacco again."

MRS. KITTY JACOBS joins ranks of voluntary workers . . . does clerical work at Army House practically every day of week.

Has taken new flat in Edgcliffe Square and leaves 44 Macleay Street this week.

BELIEVE Mrs. Ian McLaurin has busy week doing last-minute shopping before returning to country home, Mornington, Tamworth.

Spends ten days in Sydney with her mother, Mrs. H. Cary, of Elizabeth Bay.

Is overjoyed to have news from her husband saying that 137 points of rainfall falls on property which recently suffers rather bad bush-fire.

AM told Pippa St. Vincent Welch is doing a miraculous job of work in the munition factory where she works . . . no easy job, and Pippa finishes the day black as ink from lead to foot.



GUESTS AT WEDDING. Betty Summers (left), Janet Scougall, and Flying-Officer George Mason arrive at reception after marriage of Barbara Barton and Sub-Lieutenant Frank Buckland.

ENJOYING seaside life are Mrs. George Armstrong and sister Janet Arkell Smith, who have just taken house at Collaroy for month or so.

Janet only just back in Sydney . . . she flies back after long holiday in Adelaide.

PETITE Mrs. Chic Bouvet delighted that her brother, Colonel Colin Chisholm, and Mrs. Chisholm are in town. They fly over from Melbourne for short stay in Sydney.

OUTSIDE in cigarette cases for Lieutenant Bill Scott Fell. Holds sixty cigarettes, and is the envy of his friends.



MRS. NELSON JOHNSON, wife of U.S.A. Minister to Australia, comes from Canberra to visit new American centre. Is met by Mr. H. C. Steiner.

I UNDERSTAND."

Mark said with a nod. "If I get into trouble, the government never heard of me. My passport's invalid. Can you get it fixed in a hurry?"

"Let's have it."

Mark fished the passport out of his suitcase and handed it over. Williams put it in his pocket and held out his hand. "I'll have it back by morning," he promised. "And good luck, fellow. You're going to need it."

It took Mark a long time to get to sleep. He was awakened by the ringing of the telephone.

It was the clerk downstairs. "A special delivery letter just came for you, Mr. Crosby. Shall I hold it until you come down for breakfast, or . . ."

"No!" growled Mark. "Shoot it right up!"

He scrambled into his clothes, noting with surprise that it was already eight o'clock. He was almost dressed when the letter arrived. The content was written in a neat, feminine scrawl.

"Dear Mr. Crosby: Certain unexpected developments have arisen which necessitate a change in my plans. However, if you are of the same mind about helping Ian Dougal, a plane leaves the municipal airport every morning at ten for Miami, where twice weekly you can connect with a South American east-coast Clipper. Your ticket has already been paid for and will be waiting for you at the terminal information desk."

"When you arrange about your transport and other incidentals, cable Dougal in care of the United States Consul at Para just when you will arrive. Good luck."

It was signed, "I.A."

When he tilted the envelope, a hundred dollar bill fluttered to the bed. He stuffed it into his pocket and re-read the brief note. He wondered if the unexpected developments were in any way connected with Williams and his visit, or if she had learned of the shooting of Dougal. He felt strangely disappointed that he would not see her again.

There was nothing he could do until he got his passport. He called the airport and learned that his ticket was waiting, as Irene Ames had written, and that he would have to plane out in two hours to connect with this week's South American Clipper at Miami.

He was just prying the receiver when a telegraph messenger arrived with a sealed envelope. It contained a passport and a note pencilled on a scrap of plain paper.

"Here's your book. Advise you to pick up your visa in Miami. Hope you make it, fella. Williams."

Mark nearly tore the phone off the wall in his haste to call back the airline. There was still a single space on the East Coast flier leaving Miami in the morning for Brazil. He reserved it, and jammed his few belongings in his bag.

Mark stepped out of the plane bus next day, in buoyant spirits. He had arrived in Miami early enough the previous night to find one of the smaller shops still open and he had invested some of his expense money in a couple of cheap lightweight suits.

Through the fraternal courtesy of the local chief of police, who knew him by reputation, he had obtained his visa without trouble. His health and vaccination certificates took time, and it had been nearly midnight before he finally completed the necessary formalities.

The giant Sikorsky flying boat fascinated him, and he watched the four massive propellers turning over until it was time for the take-off.

Then he went into the lounge and stretched in a seat at the full-tilted porthole while the big ship bounced her glistering hull out of the blue waters and rose to meet the sun. Lovely Florida dropped away, and they turned south.

Mark felt exhilarated and excited. Below him the reefs showed their teeth through the blue. Cuba slid beneath and the steward announced that after lunch they would land at Port Au Prince. Mark took out his pipe and was absentmindedly reaming the bowl when a girl came into the lounge and dropped into the vacant seat beside him. At the sound of her laughter, he looked up in surprise.

"Miss Ames!"

"Well, you certainly don't waste time."

Mark grinned and rumbled his hair. "I'll be doggoned! Where did you drop from?"

"Miami, of course. I've been sitting up front, but felt the urge to smoke."

"Why didn't you tell me you were going along?"

The River of Doubt

Continued from page 21

She stretched a little deeper into the soft comfort of the chair. "I wasn't sure just what I should do when I talked with you," she said. "Ian Dougal asked me to come down and help out, but I didn't make up my mind until the last minute."

Mark digested that as he tamped tobacco into his pipe. After he had lit it, he asked: "How long have you known Dougal, Miss Ames?"

"A long time," she told him. "He and my father were friends. I worked with him in Brazil for nearly three years."

"Why isn't he getting out ore?"

"I told you I don't know."

"But you must have some ideas. You've been down in that country. Didn't Scotty make any comments in his letter?"

She shook her head. "He doesn't know either, or if he does he didn't mention it. But the mine is located nearly a thousand miles back in the interior where anything can happen, and often does. You just don't know Brazil."

"You don't make it sound very attractive," he commented dryly.

"Oh, but it is!" she cried with a rush of enthusiasm that surprised him. "Brazil is fabulous! It's primitive and medieval, with hidden oil and diamonds and great virgin forests where no white man has ever been!"

"Nature has strung up her own barricades so thoroughly that the difficulties of transportation leave her riches almost intact. But there are still pioneers with vision enough and courage enough to risk it. And Ian Dougal is one of those men!"

"Bravo!" laughed Mark. "That was a regular speech!"

Irene flushed. "It's your own fault," she said smiling. "You prodded me into it." She got up.

Late that afternoon the giant Sikorsky gently tilted her nose and glided down on San Juan. Seconds later they were skipping across the harbor to the landing.

Mark and Irene had cocktails at the hotel with a couple who had embarked at Port Au Prince. The man was travelling under a Swiss passport, but had for several years practised law in Rio de Janeiro. He was a genial little chap, small but well formed, and almost military in bearing. His name was Stefan Bruenzli.

HE introduced the woman as Senhora Nita Ocaña. She was half a head taller than he was, a stately dark beauty.

Mark couldn't guess her nationality, but later when they were having dinner alone, Irene said she was probably from the northern part of Italy. They were congenial and friendly. Bruenzli knew South America intimately and was bubbling with interesting anecdotes. They had a previous appointment with friends, and before long wandered off.

Mark and Irene had dinner in the hotel, and Irene seemed very tired. She said little during the meal. So Mark was pleasantly surprised when, as they loafed on the wide verandah over coffee, she suggested they go for a drive.

They hired an ancient barouche and let the old negro coachman drive them lazily through the winding parks and gardens.

"Talk to me, please. Tell me about yourself," she said. "Where did you come from, and how on earth did you ever get to be a well, a cop?"

He chuckled. "I'll awap back-grounds with you."

"It's a deal," she promised. "Lead off."

He got his pipe drawing smoothly. "Let's see now," he ruminated. "The record opens about thirty-three years ago in Kansas. After college . . ."

"Hey, not so fast! That's cheating."

He grinned. "How's that?"

"You didn't jump right out of the cradle into college, I'm sure. What kind of a child were you? Did you pull the wings off flies and all the other mean things little boys do? Especially little boys who become cops."

"That was a low punch," he chided.

"No, I was a very ordinary kid. Father was a farmer and mother had been a school-teacher. The first and only time I ever heard them quarrel was whether at the age of four, my curls should be sheared. You see, I had lovely yellow curls down to my shoulders."

She laughed softly. "I can't imagine it!"

"You're just prejudiced," he said. "I was given to flapping, playing booky in good weather, wanted to be a circus performer, and nearly lost an eye trying to teach our big tomcat to jump through a hoop. Survived a mediocre existence until I went up to the State college."

"Summers, I knoeked around the country. I spent a few months mucking about the mines in Colorado. One year I went up to the salmon canneries in Alaska on a wind ship; another, I scaled pulp wood in Canada."

"Then I went to the city and got me a job on a big daily. A good reporter is a good detective, so I swapped my typewriter for a gun and joined the fight."

Irene asked, "Do you really like to fight—I mean to hurt people?"

He drew deeply on his pipe and let the smoke dribble out of his nostrils. "Sometimes a good fight keeps people from getting hurt—the right people. Now tell me about yourself—why you went to Brazil."

"Ian Dougal sent for me," she said simply. "I told you he has known me since I was a child. You see, after the trouble he had in the States, he concluded there was more danger in the intricacies of law and finance than in the jungle, so he plunged back into Goyaz country."

"Isn't that a State in Brazil?"

"Yes. It's probably the wildest, least-known section of land in the world. Anyhow, Scotty got a terrible attack of malaria and somehow managed to drag himself back to Para. He sent for me, and I flew down from New York to nurse him. He had discovered this huge manganese deposit—he calls it Phantom Mountain because, being half-sick when he found it, he couldn't believe it was true."

"It was his enthusiasm that kept him from dying, and while he was still in the hospital, he made plans to return and legalise his claim. I helped him form the nucleus of an organisation, and when he was barely able to stand up he insisted on travelling. I went back with him. That was in 1937."

Mark chuckled. "You should have been in school, youngster."

"I was twenty-one," she snapped. He laughed and she continued: "We travelled up the Rio Tocantins by steamer and dug-out to a small, uncharted tributary called the Rio de Duvida—The River of Doubt. Ian Dougal's mine is near the headwaters of that stream."

"Good Lord!" Mark breathed softly. "Phantom Mountain—a hidden manganese mine on the River of Doubt! Why, it just doesn't sound real, somehow—like a child's fairy story."

She laughed. "That's because the Brazilian is a poet," she told him.

She was quiet then, and before he knew it the carriage turned into the drive and came to a stop before the hotel. Irene gave him her hand.

"Good night, Mark Crosby," she said.

"Good night," he returned, "and thanks."

When she left him he relaxed into the high-backed cane chair on the verandah and stoked up his pipe. He felt too exhilarated to sleep, and he tried to reach some conclusion about the girl.

There was a quality about her that puzzled him. She was friendly enough, but somehow he got the impression she did not like him. He wondered if she resented the fact of Dougal sending for him, or whether it was a personal thing.

He was just finishing his pipe when the tall Senhora Ocaña strolled on to the verandah and dropped into the chair beside him.

"Isn't it delightful to get back to the tropics?" she murmured, then without waiting for an answer: "Have you seen Stefan around?"

"No, I just got here," Mark said.

"He's probably found himself a chess mate," she drawled indifferently. "He's a fanatic, the little fool. Well, I shan't wait for him. Will you join me in a night-cap? I despise drinking alone."

Nita Ocaña, it appeared, had travelled all over Latin America, from the Rio Grande to the Magalanes, and in her indolent drawl, touched on cities and countries in a verbal panorama that quite charmed Mark Crosby.

Often she included Stefan Bruenzli in her anecdotes, more often she did not, and Mark found himself wondering about them while she was talking. Thus she caught him completely off-guard when she leaned closer and asked point-blank:

"Tell me—are you and that lovely child, Irene, sweethearts?"

Mark felt the color crawl up his neck. "Good gosh, no!" he laughed. "Miss Ames happens to be travelling in the same general direction. We have mutual friends, that's all."

The woman shrugged, and revolved her glass. "You American men—so wooden, so timid. Well, even if you do not know it—she is quite in love with you." She sipped her drink. "Perhaps it is just the tropics. They have a peculiar way of attaching people. I know, well, well! Speaking of the devil . . ."

Mark turned and saw Bruenzli coming towards them. "Hello, hello!" the lawyer boomed jovially. "Am I too late to join in that drink?"

THERE was a de-elded note of resentment in the woman's tone. "As far as I am concerned, you are," she said. "I'm worn thin. Chess again, I suppose?"

Bruenzli rested his hip against the porch rail. "Ran into a Norwegian engineer," he admitted. "Most peculiar player."

Nita Ocaña sniffed disdainfully and stood up. "Spare me the details," she said. She nodded at Mark. "Good night, Senhor Crosby. Thanks for rescuing an abandoned woman from boredom."

As she moved away, Bruenzli dropped into the chair she had vacated.

"Do you play chess?" he asked. "Very poorly, but I enjoy it." "Splendid!" said the lawyer. "I always carry a pocket set. We shall have a game or so on the Clipper to-morrow."

As soon as the big Clipper levelled off on her cruising altitude next morning, Bruenzli claimed Mark for a game of chess in the lounge. Irene curled up in a quiet corner with a book and Nita Ocaña dozed in her seat.

Bruenzli was a master player, but he loved the game for itself, rather than a mere desire to win.

They played most of the morning. After lunch, when most of the passengers were enjoying a sitting-up alecia, Mark studied a large, detailed map of Brazil he had borrowed from the steward.

As Irene had forewarned him, he could not find the River of Doubt, but the vast, poorly charted area fired his imagination and he spent the rest of the day familiarising himself with it.

That night in Port of Spain, Irene pleaded a headache and retired to her room without dinner.

Mark was considering going out for a stroll when the hotel clerk handed him a cable. It was from Williams.

"Father's condition worse."

Watch your own health and keep covers well over you. Guard against delays. Williams."

Mark cursed softly and rapped the message into his pocket. Williams was notifying him that Dougal had taken a turn for the worse, and warning him to watch himself and keep his business to himself. But the mention of delays—did that mean someone was planning a reception for him en route?

He was tempted to go up to Irene's room and show her the message, but decided against it. There was nothing either of them could do for Dougal until they reached Para. He had better wait, and as the government man so aptly phrased it—watch his health and keep the covers on.

To be continued

Announcer was radio engineer

A young radio engineer who became an announcer is Johnny Walker, whose voice is now becoming familiar to listeners to 2GB.

His success reads like a chapter headed "local boy makes good."

SOME years ago he was an engineer at a country broadcasting station, and, as at most country stations an engineer has to be versatile enough to take on all kinds of jobs, he was often called upon to act as an announcer, and to take charge of a session.

The country folk of the district

liked the voice of the young engineer so much that he found that his time was taken up more with announcing than with technical work in the control-room.

So he finally became a full-time announcer.

He and his wife left the country and came to Sydney, where he joined 2GB.

Much as he prefers working on a leading city broadcasting station, he still retains his love of country life, particularly the district where he was broadcasting, for it was there he met his wife.

There is one incident which he recounts to illustrate the charm and friendliness of the typical Australian country man.

One day he received a request from a drover in North Queensland asking him to play a hill-billy number. He complied with the request and forgot all about it.

Five months later a country man dropped into the studio and offered to buy him a drink.

On investigation he found that the country man was the drover for whom he had played the request number.

He came all the way to New South Wales, sitting in the saddle for five months, driving cattle, in order to say "thank-you" to the radio announcer who had played the request number when he was outback in the north of Queensland.



ANNOUNCER JOHNNY WALKER

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION FROM 2GB

Every day from 4.30 to 5 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, February 11.—Mr. Edwards and Goodie Rees—Gardening Talk.

THURSDAY, February 12.—Goodie Rees in "Precious Moments."

FRIDAY, February 13.—Musical Alphabet.

SATURDAY, February 14.—Goodie Rees presents "Musical Mysteries."

SUNDAY, February 15.—Highlights from Opera.

MONDAY, February 16.—With the A.L.F. Orchestra.

TUESDAY, February 17.—The Australian Women's Weekly presents Goodie Rees in Gems of Melody and Thought.

Incidentally, Johnnie Walker found that the Australian country people love the old American hill-billy songs more than any other type of music.

In the city, Johnnie Walker found that the versatility he had acquired in the country stood him in good stead. He conducts musical sessions, composes stage show broadcasts, does sporting broadcasts, and interviews wrestlers and boxers from the ring-side.

Now that he has come to 2GB he is anxious to develop his talents as a composer, and already he is having an opportunity as the composer of the big Thursday night broadcast from the new Macquarie Auditorium, "Radio Hollywood."

His bright and breezy announcing in "Radio Hollywood" and other broadcasts is winning him a new audience of friends among 2GB listeners.

As I Read the STARS by JUNE MARSDEN

AQUARIANS, people born between January 20 and February 19, should not waste time just now, for their stars favor them, and many will find opportunities for improvement, promotion, changes, and other gains.

THIS is a good time to start new enterprises, for their chances of success are above average. Especially if the start itself can be made on a propitious day.

Very few Aquarians become failures in life, for this sign endows brilliance, inventiveness, originality, adaptability, enterprise and progressiveness to those born under it. But there is also a slow, diffident, over-cautious, changeable streak, and a love of procrastination in the nature of Aquarians, and these characteristics can produce pitfalls.

Most Aquarians are dual-natured people, too, and this complicated matters still further unless self-control and concentration are cultivated.

The Daily Diary

UTILISE the following information in your daily affairs. It should prove interesting.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Quite fair conditions for many Aries during the morning hours of February 19 and noon and evening of February 14, but avoid over-confidence, especially on February 10 after 1 p.m., February 11, and February 18.

Taurus (April 21 to May 21): Not a time for carelessness, rash, or over-confident action. Keep to routine tasks. Difficulties, delays, and annoyances may predominate. Especially on February 11, February 19, and February 16.

GEMINI (May 21 to June 21): Hard work now can pay good dividends, so plan wisely and make much good use of February 10 (morning only), February 13 (but dodge arguments, visits, and lures), and February 14 (zero, noon and evening); but be cautious February 10 after 3 p.m., February 11, February 18, and February 16.

CANCER (June 21 to July 21): Unpredictable, but good times come soon, so get routine tasks in hand and begin to plan just ahead for new enterprises, changes, promotions, and other gains and desired objects. Meanwhile, February 11, February 19, February 18, and perhaps February 18 rather poor.

LEO (July 21 to August 24): Don't take risks of any kind, for you can bring loss, separation, disappointment, and opposition or upsets upon yourself. Particularly on February 11, February 19, and February 18. Keep in the well-known and unexceptional ways of life on these dates. Avoid changes, arguments, carelessness, misjudgment, and accidents.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Not a very helpful time, yet important things which cannot possibly wait several weeks should now be attended to, to avoid later difficulties and opposition. February 10 (p.m. hours), February 11 (all day), February 18, and early 17 all difficult. February 13 quite good, February 14 fair.

LIBRA (September 23 to October 24): A good week can be enjoyed by many Libras, so plan well and work hard. February 10 (to noon only), February 14 (especially noon and evening hours) best of week. February 11, 12, 16, and 18 may be poor.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 21): Don't be rash or overconfident, for delays, upsets, obstacles, and worries can prevail against you. Particularly on February 10 after noon, February 11, February 18 (most adverse), and possibly on February 19 and 16. Avoid all changes and aggressiveness or friction then. Also on February 11.

SAGITTARIUS (November 21 to December 21): Quite fair for modest progress and changes on February 10 forenoon, February 11 dusk, February 13 and 14 all day. But be cautious after noon on February 10, all February 11, February 19, February 18, and early February 17.

CAPRICORN (December 21 to January 19): Not a time for venturesomeness, for affairs will be routine for most Capricorns. Yet February can prove quite fortunate for many, be cautious February 10, after noon, February 11, and February 18.

AQUARIUS (January 19 to February 19): Get busy, Aquarians, for you can achieve some of your ambitions and realize desired happiness or other gains this week if you plan well and watch for opportunities. February 10, to noon, very fair, then poor. February 11 poor excepting around dusk, which is fair. February 13 can be good, but avoid passions and discord. February 14 good from dawn onwards. February 17 good after noon. But be cautious February 18 and February 16.

PISCES (February 19 to March 21): Pick ahead for things improve for you soon. Meanwhile improve routine tasks. February 13 can be quite fortunate. February 17 very fair after noon. February 10 after noon, February 12, February 19, February 18, and early February 17 can be difficult.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in them. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]

Mandrake the Magician



MANDRAKE: Master magician, is aiding MR. ROARK: Of the Secret Service, to destroy the Octopus Ring, a gang of spies. **NARDA:** Princess of Cockaigne, has been imprisoned by the spies. To save her life Mandrake is forced to join them. The leader is the mysterious **OCTOPUS:** He instructs Sonya, one of the gang, to spy on a naval officer, and orders

Mandrake to follow and watch them. Sonya is persuading the officer to show diagrams of naval guns, but Mandrake tricks him into leaving without showing the plans. The magician and Sonya are sternly reprimanded by the Octopus for failing to get plans. Mandrake decides to tackle the leader. **NOW READ ON.**



THE MAGICIAN GESTURES ANGRILY AT LUGA



--AND THE SPY SUDDENLY SEEMS TO BE BURIED, HELD FAST, IN THE WALL...



MANDRAKE, WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

I'M GOING TO TAKE NARDA OUT OF THIS PLACE!



AND I'M GOING TO TAKE YOU WITH ME, OCTOPUS!

I'M WARNING YOU -- IF YOU CROSS THE BLACK LINE, NARDA WILL DIE!



WAIT-- YOU WILL HEAR THE VOICE OF NARDA, OVER A MICROPHONE! SPEAK, NARDA!



MANDRAKE, I CAN HEAR EVERYTHING! DON'T MOVE! THERE'S A MAN HERE, WITH A GUN! IT'S POINTED AT ME---



WHEREVER YOU ARE, NARDA, IT'S NOW --OR NEVER!

STOP -- MANDRAKE! YOU'VE HAD YOUR WARNING! FIRE!



AND OVER A HIDDEN LOUDSPEAKER MANDRAKE HEARS A PISTOL SHOT, FOLLOWED BY NARDA'S SCREAM -- THEN -- SILENCE...



AS MANDRAKE RUSHES AT THE OCTOPUS, MYSTERIOUS HEAD OF THE SPY-RING---

NARDA--



YOU HAD YOUR WARNING, MANDRAKE. BUT YOU CHOSE TO DISOBEY--



THEY'VE SHOT HER-- WHAT HAVE I DONE?



YOU'VE KILLED NARDA-- IN COLD-BLOOD! NOW, OCTOPUS, YOU DIE!

WAIT, MANDRAKE! SPEAK, NARDA!



HE DIDN'T SHOOT ME, MANDRAKE! HE ONLY FIRED HIS GUN!



MY MAN HAD ORDERS NOT TO SHOOT HER THE FIRST TIME! I'M GLAD THIS HAPPENED. IT HAD TO COME SOMEDAY! IT IS AN EXAMPLE THAT YOU WILL NEVER FORGET! I'M CERTAIN YOU WON'T TAKE A SECOND CHANCE!



NOW THAT YOU SEE HOW HELPLESS SHE IS, YOU WILL NEVER AGAIN DISOBEY ME. YOUR POSITION IS CLEAR, IS IT NOT?

YES.

ONCE MORE, NARDA'S VOICE COMES OVER THE HIDDEN LOUDSPEAKER-- AND IN ALL HIS LIFE, MANDRAKE HAS NEVER HEARD A MORE WELCOME SOUND--

TO BE CONTINUED

MANDRAKE BOOK No. 2 On sale at all newsagents Price 6d

Continuing . . . Runaway

from page 4

"YOU have my husband's mouth," she told her. "You are given to procrastination. Most reprehensible."

Deirdre squirmed.

"Or perhaps," said Lavinia slowly, fixing her eyes upon Hodgins' son, "it is you, young man, who is the lagard."

Fear engulfed Maurice, caught him unawares. Hodgins' son came forward quickly. Dependable, Eager. Smug.

"I don't think I'm to blame," he said. "I've asked Deirdre often enough."

Maurice felt an impulse to cry out. "Be careful, Deirdre. Be careful." It was too late now. Deirdre gave a little embarrassed laugh.

"I—I've always expected to marry Paul some day," she said. "I suppose there's really no reason why—why we shouldn't make it soon."

Lavinia said "Good!" Hodgins said, "Splendid!" The Misses Pomsby began to twitter like wrens. Across Maud's face came the look of the cat that has caught the canary. Maurice saw that look, and it came to him, with one of those intuitive flashes, that even husbands have, that Maud had worked for this thing, and engaged Lavinia's help in manoeuvring it. It came to him that this must be how Lavinia had managed him twenty-five years before.

He had realised too late. Perhaps Deirdre would, too. All his admiration and pity for Lavinia turned now to anger, but he was clever enough not to show it. He made the proper congratulations, the proper farewells, then departed.

He walked down over the hill. When he reached a post office he went in and wrote quickly.

"Laurence Pomsby, New York. 'Lavinia is up to her old tricks. I need you. Come home—Maurice'."

For the first time in history the Pomsbys were gathered upon Lavinia's doorstep without her knowledge or her summons . . .

Maurice rang the bell. Collins ushered them to the library, where Lavinia was waiting. She looked up in surprise, then said, "Well-I-I, what is it? Don't stand there, all of you—what is it?"

Sarah said, "Lavinia, try to take this calmly. Promise us you won't faint."

"Have I ever fainted? Ridiculous! Maurice, what is the meaning of this absurd performance?"

Maurice said: "Laurie's coming home after all these years. His wire arrived only an hour ago. He's coming this afternoon. He asked me to tell you that he would come to see you at once."

For a moment Lavinia looked as if she would crumble away. Then she picked up her cane and banged it on the floor for Collins.

"Collins," she told him, "if an impostor calling himself Laurence Pomsby comes to the door, you will tell him that I am well informed of the fact that the Laurence Pomsby who was my brother is dead."

"But Lavinia," Maurice said, "are you sure?"

"Of course I'm sure. I have never communicated with Laurence, nor he with me, but I asked my agent in London to inform me if he should ever engage in such difficulty as to find it impossible to extricate himself. Well, he did. He got himself killed some months ago in a war that was distinctly none of his business. Sit down. Now that you're here, we shall have tea."

They sat down. Maurice weak as a kitten. If Lavinia said Laurence was dead, he was dead. There was a moment of utter silence. Then the Pomsbys heard Collins go to the door and open it. They heard a big voice—a man's voice—say, "I'm Laurence Pomsby."

They heard Collins answer, "Your sister, Lavinia, wishes me to inform you, sir, that you are dead."

They heard Collins say, "I'll tell her, sir, and a stout, 'No, I'll tell her myself,' followed by quick vigorous footsteps. Then Laurence Pomsby strode into the room."

Nobody moved. Nobody spoke. It was Laurie all right, but Laurie of twenty-five years ago. The same big frame. The same red hair. The same humorous blue eyes. The same stubborn jaw.

He walked straight to Lavinia. He said, "Madam, my father presents his compliments."

Lavinia said, "That's just like Laurence. Always dilatory. Did he send me a message?"

"He told me to tell you that he was sorry—"

"Yes," said Lavinia hopefully. "That you were both such stubborn old fools that neither one of you would give in."

"Stubborn old fools, indeed," said Lavinia. "Well-I-I, he was right. Tell me—how did he die?"

"Just as he wished. He came to a beautiful end. Standing up and fighting to the last."

Lavinia chuckled. "Laurence was always fighting," she said. "And your mother?"

"My mother was an American. She died when I was a little boy."

"Hm—hm—hm—and why did he not send you home to be educated?"

"He said he did not wish to expose me to the Pomsbys until I was old enough to stand up to them."

"He said that?"

"Re certainly did, dear lady." Lavinia stood up.

"Now that you have come, you must meet the family. They are all here. We have been waiting for you."

MOPSY—The Cheery Redhead



"One of us seems to have made a mistake."

He kissed her.

"And this is Paul Hodgins," said Lavinia. "The man Deirdre is going to marry."

Laurie looked at Hodgins' son, and then at Deirdre.

"Why don't you say 'the man Deirdre loves'?" he asked.

"And why should I?" demanded Lavinia.

"It sounds better." He stood looking down at her. "Lavinia," he said slowly, "have you been up to your old tricks?"

"Nonsense. I have no tricks."

"Look at me. Hm—hm—hm—it is true. I can see it in your eyes."

"I haven't the slightest idea what you are talking about."

"Then I will remind you. I will remind you of the time when you tried to pick father's wife, and made him so angry that he walked out of the house and never came back. Lavinia, I am afraid you have learned nothing. You are an unscrupulous matchmaker."

So that was why Lavinia and Laurence had fought so bitterly. The lesser Pomsbys knew at last. They stared at Lavinia. How would she take this?

Up went Lavinia's head, and bang went her cane as a signal for Collins to come quickly. He must have been waiting in the hall for just such an emergency, because he bobbed in like a jack from his box.

"Collins. You will show this insolent young man out."

Laurie followed Collins to the door, and turned.

"I sailed over from Ireland in a boat I built myself. She is down at Southampton. I shall be pleased to welcome any of you aboard." He addressed the family, but his eyes were for Deirdre. Then he went out. The door closed behind him. Sarah recovered first.

"Lavinia, my dear," she said. "You mustn't let yourself be upset. You mustn't let Laurence's son spoil the life that is left you."

"Sarah," said Lavinia. "I don't wish to disappoint you, but I haven't the slightest intention of dying. Not now. You understand, each of you, that I shall consider any courtesy extended to this—this relative of ours a personal affront to me."

Horace said, "But Lavinia—do you think that's fair? I—I rather liked him. He's got pluck."

"And Lavinia," said Amelia. "I don't think he really meant to be impudent. I agree with Horace."

Only Maud stood firm. She said, "Mother is quite right. He is an impossible young upstart, and I for one shall not permit him in my house."

"And you, Deirdre?" asked Lavinia slowly.

"Well—" she said with a shaky little laugh, "you have to admit one thing, Gran. He does know how to kiss a girl."

The Pomsbys had been on a rampage for a month. For once it looked as if Lavinia had outdone herself. She had lost her subtle touch and been so outrageously unfair to young Laurie that the family had rushed to his aid.

In broad daylight Horace had driven down to see him. When she heard about that Lavinia marched down to see Horace. What ensued, nobody quite knew. It was said that Horace had told her to cut him out of her will.

Thus encouraged, Sarah and Amelia had scuttled down like a couple of frightened mice to see Laurie also, and Laurie had been so nice to them that Sarah had come home with all his socks to mend.

It was said that Lavinia had done some cane-banging, but for once Sarah and Amelia did not dissolve into tears. They announced that Aunt Liv was an extremely difficult woman, and that if she thought she could force them to be unkind to that nice young man, she was mistaken.

Maurice stood back and watched all this with pleasure. Only Maud was as smug as ever. She focused all her attention on Deirdre. She and Lavinia held consultations upon Deirdre's trousseau, her furniture, her house, and her life.

What Deirdre thought of all this Maurice could not guess. He knew that she, too, had been down to Laurie, because he had seen her initialled powder-box lying in the gallery. She did not mention his name, and when Maurice had tried to question Laurie he had been unsuccessful.

Then one afternoon Laurie rang up Maurice and told him he was sailing in the morning, and Maurice drove down to say good-bye. Horace had been, and so had Sarah and Amelia. Lavinia had not.

That night Maurice couldn't sleep. He kept thinking of Laurie sailing away in the early morning when the first rays of the sun touched the water. The family would go back to being smug again now.

Finally he got up and went downstairs for his pipe. In the hall opposite Deirdre's door he stopped. She was crying. There alone in the dark—she was crying her heart out.

He knocked at the door very softly and entered. He hadn't done a thing like this for years—not since Deirdre was a little girl. She turned on the bedlight and sat up staring at him.

"You needn't ask what's the matter," she said. "I'll tell you. I'm in love with Laurence Pomsby. Yes, I am. I've seen him whenever I could."

Maurice said, "Does he love you, Deirdre?"

"Yes, but I've sent him away. You can go back to bed. You needn't worry. After all, I'm a Pomsby, and when a Pomsby gives her word, she keeps it."

"Listen to me, Deirdre," he said. "I don't want you to have a complacent marriage. There's more to it than that. I want you to keep the doors open on your life so that the air can get in if you have the courage to take the opportunity."

"Oh Father—"

"I've always wanted a son, Deirdre, who would go out into life and do the things I've only dreamed of doing. You'll have to take his place. If you get hurt too much, you can come back to me."

"Oh, darling," she said, "thank you—oh, thank you for talking to me like this. We'll have to hurry—oh Daddy darling—"

Maurice said, "Get dressed and go down, Deirdre. Here's the key; get the car out of the garage."

He waited until her steps reached the lower hall, then turned. He had seen the light go on under Maud's door. It opened, and she came out.

She said, "Maurice, what's the meaning of this? I thought I heard Deirdre."

He said, "Come in here, Maud. I have something to tell you. I'm taking Deirdre to Laurence Pomsby. She loves him."

OMISSION

The following prices were inadvertently omitted from the advertisement for funds raised in The Australian Women's Weekly February 7th. Buy large size 2/2, four times the quantity for only twice the price of small size 1/11.

"MAURICE, have you lost your mind?"

"No, I've found it." Her voice grew shrill. "I forbid it. I'll ring up mother. She'll stop this nonsense."

Maurice did not stop to argue. He did his first act of violence in an over-patient life. He pushed Maud firmly but gently into her dressing-room, locked the door on her, and hurried down to Deirdre in the car.

When they reached the harbor, they saw Laurie standing by his boat waiting. When Maurice saw his face as he ran to meet Deirdre it told him all that he wanted to know.

Maurice went up the path to Lavinia's door. He hoped Maud had not managed to get out of her dressing-room. He wanted the pleasure of breaking the news himself.

He enjoyed Collins' look of surprise at seeing him at this early hour, and his reproachful, "She is having breakfast, sir—in the library by the fire."

"Don't bother to announce me, Collins," Maurice said. "I'll just go in."

When she saw him, Lavinia put her coffee cup firmly on its saucer.

"Well, Maurice," she said, "I must say this is a peculiar time to pay me a visit."

"Isn't it? Have you heard from Maud yet this morning?" Maurice asked.

"Maud? What would she be doing up at this hour?"

"I don't know," Maurice said, "but I have a definite feeling that she is somewhat upset. As a matter of fact, Lavinia, I locked Maud in her dressing-room two hours ago."

"Maurice," said Lavinia slowly. "I have always found you a sensible man. I am sure if you have locked Maud in her dressing-room, it must have been for a good and sufficient reason."

"It was. She was interfering with Deirdre's marriage."

"Nonsense. Maud is very eager for Deirdre to marry young Hodgins."

"Exactly. But you see, Lavinia, Deirdre is not marrying young Hodgins. She is marrying Laurence Pomsby, her cousin."

There. Let the storm rage. But there was no storm.

Lavinia just said, "Half cousin, twice removed, Maurice. I do wish you would learn to be accurate in these things."

Maurice was a little uncertain now, a little unsure of himself.

"He's a handsome young fellow," Lavinia went on. "I liked him the first time I laid my eyes on him."

"You had a queer way of showing it," Maurice told her weakly.

"Queer? Nonsense. I consider it very clever of me to treat him so badly. I don't mind telling you, Maurice, that I had myself in something of a dilemma. You see, I thought they were all hopeless. Yes—even Deirdre."

"For years I've tried to browbeat Sarah and Amelia and poor Horace into some sort of independence, and I've failed. Yes, Maurice, I've failed. When I heard that Laurence had died, I thought it was time for me, too, to give up. I thought there was nothing to do but leave Deirdre most of my fortune and marry her off to some decently smug young man who wouldn't displease it. And then I saw that boy Laurence's boy."

She chuckled.

"Maurice," she said, "I'll tell you something. If I had been a man, I think I would have been very much like Laurence. You'll never know how hard I've worked to be so unfair to him. You see I remembered something just in time. I remembered that a Pomsby will fight for another quicker than for himself."

"The telephone rang. Lavinia picked up the receiver.

"Hello—yes Maud—yes, I know all about it—he's here now—what? Nonsense. I'll do no such thing, and you won't either—what?—of course I'm pleased. It's just what I wanted. Nonsense. Maud, you're old-fashioned. Maud, you're stuffy."

She put down the receiver with a bang.

"Well, Maurice, what is it? Why are you looking at me like that? Collins—Collins! bring me a bottle of sherry and two glasses."

"But madam," Collins said, "the doctor—"

"Two glasses, Collins. Poor Maurice has had a shock."

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BARRY'S TRI-COPH-EROUS

Recent advertisements have indicated that the price per unit is 2/2, whereas the correct price now is 3/4.

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I enclose a 2d. stamp, to help the Red Cross.



Mrs. Martin discusses Dream Home fabrics

An interview with Eve Gye

● You remember Mrs. Keith Martin's home, pictured in our issue of January 17?

As we told you, it was this lovely home, furnished with skill and artistry, that inspired us to ask Mrs. Martin to choose the furnishings and equipment for the Dream Home which, as you know, has been given to the Red Cross by The Australian Women's Weekly.

I called on Mrs. Martin the other morning. She was surrounded by fabrics and sketches—as busy as a bee.

In the course of conversation I asked her how she liked the "job" of furnishing this glorious home.

"No one can realise the thrill I experienced when asked to undertake this work," she said. "It was a fine compliment to pay me, but I must admit it is a terrific responsibility."

"You see," she said, "I have to choose furnishings that are not only lovely to look at, charming to live with, but endowed with durable qualities."

"You say you like my selection of fabrics, Mrs. Gye. Yes, I am rather proud of them. But I searched every nook and cranny for these—every store was ransacked, for only the best is good enough for the Dream Home."

Enchantment!

"SEE these linens—my choice for dining-room and lounge upholstery. I was almost desperate about finding the right muted tonings to match the rooms. But I have them, and they'll last a lifetime."

"I adore this candy-pink and white striped haircord. Where will you use this fabric, Mrs. Martin?"

"Yes, I think it's sweet. I'm using it with a white, self-spotted organza for the girl's room."

"I am having frothy curtains of the organza. The haircord will form the upper half of the bedspread and from beneath the berth-like draping will fall flounces of the organza. The dressing stool and chair will match this quaint styling."

"And what is your choice for the master bedroom, Mrs. Martin?"

"I have chosen a soft blue damask. Feel it, isn't it a gorgeous thing? This damask will be used for the bedspreads—twin beds, of course. Miniature frills of mushroom nylon will cascade from the spreads."

"The windows will have enchanting curtains of heavy mushroom taffeta cascading to the floor. The chair, by the way, will strike a contrasting note by reason of its upholstery, which is a striped taffeta."

"And the boy's room, Mrs. Martin—what is your choice?" I asked.

"Well, I know that boys like nice rooms, too, so I am giving this particular room my wholehearted attention. I have chosen a bonny plaid-like gingham for the tailored bedspread and curtain valances. For the window drapings I am using a tawny-yellow fabric."

"And that rich dark green taffeta and the pastel-toned nylon. Where do they go, Mrs. Martin?"

"Oh, didn't I tell you? They will fashion the curtains in lounge and dining-room. The taffeta will be used under the draped valance and the nylon for curtains."

Can I hear you sighing wistfully as you read this, my friends? I wonder who among you will occupy the Dream Home?

MRS. KEITH MARTIN with some of the fabrics to be used in the furnishing of the Dream Home. She is holding the multi-colored taffeta that will cover the chair in the master bedroom. The candy-striped fabric will be used in the girl's room, plaid gingham and tawny-yellow linen for the boy's room. See story.

ARISTOCRATIC
LEGS

All the smartness and luxury of sheer stockings in a smooth strand! Apply it in two minutes... draw the pencilled "seam-line" and only touch will reveal the illusion! A Cyclax product and the best you can buy. Price 9/2 per jar with pencil (sufficient for one month). In three ton shades and grey.

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SYDNEY: Farmer & Company, Anthony Hardin's; M'BOURNE & ADELAIDE: The Myer Emporium; and at other First Class Stores throughout Australia.

Freckles

Tells How to Get Rid of These Ugly Spots and Have a Beautiful Complexion.

There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as Kintho—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these unsightly spots. Simply get an ounce of Kintho from any chemist and apply a little of it at night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than an ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful complexion. Be sure to ask for the double-strength Kintho, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove your freckles.

Dangerous
Varicose Veins
Can be Reduced

Never mind what people say. If you have varicose or swollen veins and want to reduce them to normal, go to any chemist and ask for an original two-ounce bottle of Moone's Emerald Oil (full strength).

Apply it to the enlarged veins as directed and improvement will be noticed in a few days. Continue its use until veins return to normal size. It is guaranteed to reduce swollen veins or your money promptly refunded.

They Catch the Eye!

Catch the eye with white shoes that are white... dazzling cool! Shu-Milk, the perfect cleaner, removes spots and stains instantly... is always ready for use and will not rub off. It's more economical, too, does not evaporate. For canvas, suede or leather, men's and boys' shoes too.

6d. & 1/- a bottle

Cleans all
white shoes

Shu-Milk

"PLEASE send
trousseau. Married Thursday forth-
night. Evadna."

"Will you help me pack that trunk? I should have done it before," Ralph Carter asked.

"It won't take long." She was trying to be so helpful, sisterly and impersonal with him. "All the things are just dumped in her new box under my bed."

"Afraid I can't help you yank it down."

"We can pack it up there, if matron will give permission. It's not quite in order, unless I ask."

But matron knew all about foster-sister Evadna and her bed-ridden parents in Wales. She also thought she knew all about Caroline.

"Black Hole of Calcutta you sleep in," Flying-Officer Carter commented as they switched on the electric light in the dreary little dormitory.

"Oh, it's all right," Caroline answered. He sat on the edge of her iron bed. It was as hard as a prison bench.

The still cold air of the unheated dormitory crisped and crackled with the sound of brown paper; with the snapping of string under Caroline's scissors. It struck him as curious that Caroline made absolutely no comment as she unwrapped each parcel.

There was a pile of drab-colored serviceable woven underwear. There were warm woolly nightdresses. There were overalls, the color of an old-fashioned rose, an old-fashioned blue bag, and an old-fashioned mustard plaster. There was a shapeless navy-blue coat.

"Well?" he said, unable to bear the silence any more. "There's nothing about them that can date."

"No," said Caroline with unwonted asperity, of which he would never have suspected her. "The same can be said of the Duke of Wellington's funeral coach, Queen Victoria's whalebone corsets, and a flannel bag of camphor balls."

"You do not like them, I gather?" Caroline sat back on her heels. Her face was scarlet, and yet it was so violently and passionately alive that it intrigued him as nothing had done for months.

"Do you suppose that Margery Graham would have been seen dead in any of these things she has selected for your little foster-sister?" she stormed. "How dare she! Because she is beautiful and young and going to marry bags of money, how dare she assume that any bride wants only serviceable, useful things!"

"Look!" he said. "Aren't you rather going it? I mean, we chose them together."

"I don't care," said Caroline. "We can't pack up these horrors for the girl, even if she does live in a cottage, and is going to be married in a cottage because she wants to give her old people a treat. Anyhow, I thought she asked you to get her a white wedding frock?"

"Miss Graham decided that that was wholly ridiculous."

"She would!" said Caroline. "She would take the scent out of the flowers and bottle it for the rich. I dare say she would use the sunlight and the moonlight as gas to boil the early-morning kettles. She is that kind of person! Things aren't meant only for usefulness."

Material for a Dream

Continued from page 6

"But trousseaus have got to wear, haven't they?"

"Not primarily," said Caroline. "They're dreams and hopes and ambitions come true. And pictures of yourself you have always had—painted in real colors at last."

"But I don't think Evadna is that kind of girl."

"There aren't different kinds of girls among brides," said Caroline. "They're just all brides. Whether they're going to marry a title—stuffed into the right kind of morning coat—or whether they're going to marry a navvy, a coal-heaver, a deep-sea fisherman."

"You're an astonishing young woman," said Flying-Officer Ralph Carter.

He felt amazingly stimulated. It was as if a stiff, challenging breeze had swept into a still room where he had slept and drowsed too long.

"Let's go out and shop," he said. "We'll buy all the things you think would make a bride happy."

They went shopping, fantastically, with the matron's permission.

It was amazing how much Ralph Carter enjoyed that shopping expedition. Caroline had the greatest difficulty to restrain him at all. He wanted all the fluffiest, softest, most expensive things. And now there was nothing left to purchase but the white wedding dress.

Yes, the firm had one. Not a very expensive one. Ready-made wedding dresses were not very expensive. This was very simple, and it was seven guineas.

"Try it on, and let's see what you look like in it. You're just Evadna's size," said Ralph Carter.

"Who? Me?"

"Yes, you."

"We have a fitting room upstairs not occupied, if you would like to put the dress on, miss," said the saleswoman.

"All right," said Caroline.

She turned to Ralph Carter.

"If you come up in five minutes you can see what Evadna will look like."

"Has the bride been wounded or something, miss?" said the saleswoman in the cubicle, overcome with curiosity.

"No, I saved her from it in time."

"Oh—so that was it. Probably the bride-to-be was suffering from shock or something. The saleswoman was most sympathetic."

Ralph Carter, going upstairs, saw an open door and a white figure. He went in. He found himself face to face with Margery Graham dressed for her wedding. She wore a period frock with a high Medici collar and Russian head-dress of seed pearls. The frock cost fifty guineas complete with head-dress and tulle. It didn't matter because she was going to pay for it all after she was married. She said, "Hallo! For Heaven's sake!"

Ralph sat down heavily on a period chair. He said, "I'm sorry. I thought..."

Caroline heard his voice. She stepped out in her simple white frock. The two brides stood staring at each other.

"Oh," said Margery Graham. "I see."

"You don't!" said Caroline steadily. "We're buying a wedding dress for Flying-Officer Carter's foster-sister, Evadna."

"A white one, for a cottage?"

"Yes," said Caroline steadily.

Ralph Carter looked at the lovely Margery Graham, and realised that he had had the whole of life wrong. He had gone for the surface things of life. He had believed them vital and important.

"I thought we went into that. If I had known you wanted a wedding dress for your foster-sister, Ralph, it would have been easy."

He said, "Yes—but I didn't understand then."

"Oh, well," she said. "But why have you got it on, nurse?"

"I have practically the same figure as Evadna."

"How very convenient!"

In her turn Margery Graham stared at them and for one brief second, perhaps the only second in her complacent, successful, unchallenged life, she wondered if they saw horizons invisible to her, heard music to which her ears were deaf, if, in some strange way, they did inhabit some different world from her own; especially the girl, Caroline Truempenny. She had a strange look of dancing happiness.

"Well, perhaps you're right. I don't know much about cottage wed-

dings. My own is driving me nearly silly. Three days to go and half my clothes aren't ready."

Two nights before the other wedding, the marriage of Ralph Carter's Welsh foster-sister in her Welsh cottage, matron sent for Caroline.

"Flying-Officer Carter is not so well, nurse."

"I'm sorry to hear that, matron. He's not in my ward now. I hardly ever see him."

"Men are curious creatures," remarked matron. "A good cry and a strong cup of tea would do a lot for some of these boys! It's my belief Mr. Carter is fretting."

"Fretting?"

"Nurse, did it ever occur to you that he was emotionally interested in Margery Graham?"

"Every man was in a flat spin over her, matron."

"He wants to go to this foster-sister's wedding in Wales. He has set his whole heart on it. I cannot let him travel alone. He suggested that you should go with him. If that is agreeable to you, I will grant you three days' leave."

"Very good, matron."

"He will not be returning from Wales with you, nurse. His discharge becomes operative the day after the wedding—so we are post-dating it."

"Very good, matron."

"Too stolid!" matron thought. Pity, nice girl! Wooden-faced, and wooden-hearted."

To Ralph Carter Caroline said quietly: "I have been detailed to accompany you to Wales."

"To my foster-sister's wedding. Yes, I wangled it."

"Why?" It was such a small voice.

"My life has been so confused during the war, and I am such a stranger to my lost self, Caroline. Do you understand?"

"Not entirely."

"Of course not! Why should you? I am sure of so little. Am I really a different kind of person—or have I just lost the way?"

"You've lost the way."

She saw in his eyes the mental mess he was in; lost values; lost background; lost dreams.

"I thought I was in love with Margery Graham. If I was, that makes me one kind of man. But I wasn't."

"Then..."

"I don't know whether I can go back to simple things and places. I don't know if I've moved away from them for ever—or what I want out of life. I don't know whether I am in love with you. So you see—"

"Yes, I see."

"I thought, perhaps, if I went back to places and people where I was a real person, I'd know about myself. You see, you're such a real person, my dear. I've got to be absolutely sure I am, too."

She did not press it. Did not pursue it any further. She had the patience of real love and real sensitivity.

Caroline had never been to Wales. It reached out to her like a homecoming. The willows were henna colored. They burnt rustily in the very early morning sunshine when they arrived in Ralph's village.

THE cottage was a simple one at the foot of the mountain.

They knocked and a girl came to the door; and she was simple, too, not picturesque, but sweet.

"Oh! Ralph bach! I thought you were never coming! Oh! you haven't changed a bit! You're thinner and older—but it's the same heart in you!"

"This is the lady who nursed me and bought your trousseau with me."

"I knew you were in love when you wrote and told me you had chosen them together—and when I unpacked them I knew it was true."

She drew them in. "When are you getting married, my dears?"

"Quite soon."

"And you'll come back here to live?"

"Yes."

It was as simple as that. It was as if a great quietness had come upon them after a great wind.

She took them in and made them known to her parents, simply and charmingly. There was no self-consciousness anywhere, and the two old parents had the unpretentious dignity of true peasants.

"What about the daffodils, Evadna?"

"I had not the time, Ralph bach! The choir are coming to sing outside. There's no room for them within. Do you think they'll be too cold?"

"Not if I trot down to the 'Brown Jug' and guard against it," said Ralph.

Laughing girls came to help the bride, and the atmosphere was strange and lovely, as if it all belonged to an older, simpler, and kinder world.

Ralph came back. He said: "I want you to have some daffodils from the dell, Evadna, I'll get them now."

"You haven't time, Ralph bach! You haven't time!"

"I'll take Caroline and hurry! You can keep the minister a bit."

She did not call him crazy. She did not fume.

"If your heart's set on it, your heart must have its way."

He said: "Come, darling!" and held out his hand.

They could only gather a little bunch of wild daffodils, and most of these were still in sheath.

They turned down to the valley, carrying them.

They could see the choir in their scarlet cloaks threading their way like red beads rolling into a grey pocket.

Caroline put her hand on his arm.

"Ralph," she said. "Are you sure?"

"Utterly—and for ever, Caroline."

Now they saw the doll-like figure of the bride at the door. She looked up and waved to them.

"It is almost too easy—too simple," she said.

Now the red beads were gathered in a glowing clump, singing, and the voices grew stronger as they climbed down, and came towards them richly and joyously.

"That's for us, too," she said.

"The beginning of life," he said.

"The beginning of real life."

Hand in hand they went forward to welcome it.

(Copyright)

WIN THE WAR



FLIT
ALWAYS KILLS



MISS MAISIE McMAHON, attractive young Australian, shows you the new, simple hair-style, craze of Hollywood, which she has adopted. Two hairpins and two side combs only are used to keep it in place.

In Hollywood everyone's wearing it now!



RITA HAYWORTH, Columbia star, has longish hair, so she wears it like this—minus pins.



PUFFED UP in front, caught with comb—variation of new style adopted by Nancy Kelly, Fox star.

SWEET, SIMPLE HAIR-DO

● Australian girl saw it, adopted it—and adores it, too!

MISS MAISIE McMAHON (note picture), who accompanied Mrs. Alice Jackson, Editor of the Australian Women's Weekly, on her recent visit abroad, has adopted the simple, sweet hair-do, now craze of Hollywood.

"I think this hair-dress one of the simplest and most attractive of any I've tried," says Miss McMahon.

"It is so very easy to handle. No setting at all required. You part your hair on the left or right side, whichever suits you best, and then just comb it into place.

"Instead of a dozen or more bobby pins in my hair, I now require two hairpins and two side combs to keep it from going astray.

"I can also brush my hair night and morning to my heart's content. I used to be fearful of disarranging the rolls and tight curls put there by my hairdresser.

"Oh, I adore it!"

GARDEN WONDERS

● Flowers are like guests; some you have to entertain and wait on constantly; others are resourceful and independent, and in this class I place the leptosyne, lupini, calendula and multi-colored larkspur.

—Says OUR HOME GARDENER.

AND the time for sowing the seed of these late winter or early spring flowers is now until the end of the month along the coast, and March to April in hotter districts.

The leptosyne is a daisy-like flower (note picture), grows on stems 2ft. 6in. to 3ft. tall, needs lots of room, rich soil, ample water, and no supports if planted fairly close together.

Lupins need no introduction, for the tree or annual lupin has been a friend of every good home gardener for many years. It prefers a light, loamy soil, containing ample lime or superphosphate, bone dust, or something of a like nature that will satisfy its craving for phosphatic manure.

They do best if the seed is sown where the plants are to spend their entire lives, for lupins do not like being disturbed. They are plants that "want to be alone," although they mix well with others, provided the colors do not clash. And lupins can be obtained in varying shades of blue, pink and yellow.

The calendula or English pot-mari-gold has been a favorite for centuries, but in the last 20 years plant-breeders have taken many liberties with this brilliant orange-colored flower, and to-day it wanders round our gardens in many new guises.

Larkspurs are free-flowering annuals that stand up to drought, heat, cold, and poor soil conditions, but do far better when afforded favorable surroundings and good soil. Giant Imperial is an old-time variety, with colors ranging from pink, blue, lilac, salmon, and white.

The stock-flowered varieties are the choicest of all, and last much longer because they are practically double.



BRIGHT YELLOW in color, prolific, long-lasting, and easy to grow, the leptosyne should be in every garden. Set out early. It will flower in July or August; full flush of beauty comes in September.

All about Headaches

By "MEDICO"

PATIENT: My daughter has a most persistent headache. What do you think can be causing it?

DOCTOR: Although a headache is not a disease in itself, it is often nature's danger signal that something is wrong in the body.

There are numerous common causes of headache. The so-called "bilious" headache is usually due to too much fat in one's diet.

Insufficient exercise in the fresh air, heavy drinking or smoking, hunger, exhaustion and constipation all may be accompanied by a headache.

Anaemia in its various forms is often a cause. Nephritis or inflammation of the kidneys produces like effects. Hysteria and other nervous conditions are also common causes of pain in the head.

Eye disorders resulting from eye strain or defective vision cause pain at the back of the eyes and front of the head. Ear and teeth troubles, also, may cause this kind of headache.

Practically all infections and con-

tagious diseases commence with a headache. This is especially true of those diseases associated with fever.

Never be content to treat a persistent headache at home by taking pills and other so-called "cures." Aspirin is the best and safest drug to deaden the pain of a headache, because it is pure. However, do not be so unwise as to be satisfied simply to silence the fire alarm, for that will not put out the fire. Frequent and/or severe headaches require medical treatment.

On Duty through the Blitz

Lady CAROLYN HOWARD is in the Auxiliary Transport Service



Lady Carolyn Howard, daughter of the Earl of Carlisle, is now an Auxiliary Transport Service driver. Despite the day-in, day-out strain, Lady Carolyn Howard still has time to care for her complexion, and she is enthusiastic about Pond's Creams. "I started using them before the war," she says, "they have made my skin much softer and finer."



Lady Carolyn Howard has thick, navy hair of a glorious auburn shade, and large, expressive deep green eyes.

"Just a few minutes daily grooming with Pond's Creams keeps my complexion

lovely," says

LADY CAROLYN HOWARD

Pond's two creams can do as much for your complexion as they have for Lady Carolyn's! When you use Pond's two creams together, their effect is truly marvellous. Follow the same beauty method as Lady Carolyn Howard. First, use Pond's Cold Cream for thorough cleansing. Pond's Cold Cream sinks right down

into the pores and floats out all the dust and powder that has accumulated there. Your skin becomes clearer. Those little "worry" lines vanish.

Then, smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream, and away go those tiny bits of dry skin that roughen and dull your complexion. Your skin looks delicate, clearer—and it feels definitely softer. Pond's Vanishing Cream gives a lovely matt finish that takes powder with exquisite smoothness—and holds it for hours. Always use Pond's Cold and Vanishing Creams together as a complete beauty method.

Sold at all stores and chemists, in small and large jars, also tubes for the handbag. For economy, buy the large jar containing approximately 33 times as much as the small jar.

FOR RADIANT HEALTH . . . Take Eno



An infectious gaiety is the outward sign of perfect health, and is impossible if you suffer from indigestion, biliousness, sick headaches and other stomach disorders. A daily sparkling glass of Eno's "Fruit Salt" will correct the acidity which is the cause of these ailments and make sure that the system is kept free from poisonous food waste.

Take only Eno because 2/4½ and 3/11 at chemists, stores and canteens.

Eno contains no Epsom, Glauber or other harsh, purgative mineral salts. Eno is non-irritant and non-habit forming. Eno is pleasant to taste, safe, mild yet thorough in action. Eno contains no sugar to overheat the blood.



ENO'S FRUIT SALT

The words Eno and "Fruit Salt" are registered trade marks.



ABOVE you are shown pineapple amber pie which, apart from its delicious flavor, will excite interest and admiration by reason of its grape and leaf garnish. A cardboard cut-out can be used as a guide for shaping the pastry. A very simple process.

THOUSANDS of our readers will welcome recipes for these tempting, satisfying pies. They're deliciously different, yet easy to make.

Make the pastries crisp and vary them with the addition of spices, nuts, grated cheese, or savory pastes.

Serve these pies very cold, or, to be different, very hot with a generous topping of ice-cream, but not, of course, the pineapple salad or the vegetable nut pie.

JELLIED GRAPE PIE

One baked short or biscuit pastry case, 2 cups seeded white grapes, 1 pint lemon jelly, 1 pint creamy custard, 1 teaspoon gelatine, 1 tablespoon water, vanilla or almond essence.

Allow the lemon jelly to become cold and partly set, add the grapes and pour into the pastry case. Allow to set. Dissolve the gelatine in the water over boiling water, and stir into the custard; add essence to taste. Allow the custard to partly set and pour on to the set jelly. Chill. Cut in wedges and serve, garnished with tiny grape-leaves and small clusters of grapes.

PINEAPPLE AMBER PIE

Six ounces short or biscuit pastry, 2 cups shredded pineapple, 3oz. sugar, 2oz. butter, 2 eggs, 1 teaspoon lemon rind, pinch of cinnamon.

Line a pie plate with the pastry and decorate the edges with pastry leaves. A cardboard cut-out for the

Airy confections in mouth-melting pastries

leaf can be made first. Glaze the pastry with beaten egg-white. Beat the egg-yolks with the sugar; add the butter which has been melted and the lemon rind and fold into the pineapple. Beat the egg-whites stiffly and fold in. Pour into the pie case and cook in a hot oven (425 deg. F.) for 10 minutes and then reduce the heat to moderate (350 deg. F.) and cook for a further 20 minutes. Serve hot or cold.

PASSIONFRUIT CREAM PIE

One baked pastry case, 1 pint milk, 2 eggs, 2 tablespoons sugar, pulp of 3 passionfruit, 1 cup coconut.

Whip the eggs with the sugar and add the milk. Cook over boiling water until the mixture just coats the stirring spoon. Cool slightly and add the coconut and passionfruit. Pour into the pastry case. Chill and serve in wedges. Melted chocolate poured over this after cooking gives a masquerade touch to a very delicious pie.

PRUNE AND GRAPEFRUIT PIE

One baked pastry case, 1 cup diced grapefruit, 1 teaspoon grated orange rind, 1 cup dessert prunes, 1 cup prune juice (sweetened syrup), 1 tablespoon honey or golden syrup, pinch cinnamon, 11 dessertspoons cornflour, 1 dessertspoon butter, 2 egg-whites, 4 tablespoons sugar.

Pit the prunes and slice. Combine with the diced grapefruit, orange rind, prune juice, honey and cinnamon. Add the butter and the

OUR SUMMER PIES

By MARY FORBES

Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly.

cornflour, blended with a little water. Cook slowly, stirring until thickened. Pour into the pastry case and top with meringue made from the egg-whites and sugar. Cook in a slow oven (300 deg. F.) until the meringue is set and pale brown. Serve cold.

GOLDEN MERINGUE PIE

Four ounces biscuit or short pastry, 1 cup stoned fresh, canned or soaked dried apricots, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 pint milk, 2 eggs, 3 tablespoons sugar, 1 teaspoon lemon rind, 2 tablespoons coconut or macaroon crumbs, 4 tablespoons sugar for meringue.

Line a pie plate with the pastry and trim edges. Brush with egg-white. Drain the apricots and place on the pastry. Dust with cinnamon. Beat the egg-yolks and sugar and lemon rind. Add the milk, then the coconut. Pour over the apricots. Bake in a hot oven (425 deg. F.) for 10 minutes, and then reduce the heat to moderate (350 deg. F.) and cook a further 20 to 30 minutes, or until the custard is set. Whip a meringue from the egg-whites and sugar and pile on to the top of the fruit custard. Replace in a very slow oven (300 deg. F.) until the meringue is set and lightly browned.

PINEAPPLE SALAD PIE

One baked pastry case, using cheese crust, 1½ cups shredded pineapple, 1 cup finely-shredded white cabbage, 1 cup minced radishes, 2 teaspoons chopped eschallot, celery curls, parsley or mint sprigs, mayonnaise, paprika or 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley.

Combine the pineapple, shredded cabbage, radish and eschallot, and pile into the baked cheese pastry case. Mask with mayonnaise and sprinkle with chopped parsley or red paprika. Garnish with celery curls and mint sprigs.

SUMMER PLUM PIE

(with sour-milk pastry)

Eight ounces of sour milk, short pastry (using sour milk instead of water for mixing makes a delicious light crust), 1½ doz. plums, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup water, 1 peach-leaf, if obtainable, 1 clove and pinch of mixed spice.

Make a syrup of the sugar and water; add the peach-leaf, clove and pinch of cinnamon and simmer 3 minutes. Remove the leaf and clove and add the prepared plums and simmer until just tender; cool. Make the pastry and line a pie plate. Cover with plums and then

with remainder of the pastry. Trim edges, glaze with milk or sugar and water and sprinkle, if liked, with finely-chopped nuts. Bake in a hot oven (425 deg. F.) for 10 minutes and then in a moderate oven for a further 20 to 30 minutes.

VEGETABLE NUT PIE

Eight ounces well-flavored cheese pastry, 2ozs. chopped peanuts, 1 cup grated carrot, 1 cup finely-chopped fresh celery, 1 cup finely-shredded cabbage, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 large finely-sliced tomato, 1 cup diced cooked new potato, 1 cup white sauce, squeeze of lemon juice, pepper and salt.

Line a pie plate with half the pastry. Cover with layers of seasoned vegetables and white sauce with a good squeeze of lemon juice. Cover with remainder of pastry. Glaze with egg or milk and sprinkle with peanuts. Bake in a hot oven (425 deg. F.) for 10 minutes and a moderate (350 deg. F.) for a further 25 minutes. Serve cold in wedges with crisp salad greens.

INDIVIDUAL PIES

One-third cup sugar, 3 dessertspoons flour, 1 dessertspoon butter, 1 cup milk, 1 egg-yolk, 1 teaspoon orange rind, 1 dessertspoon orange juice, 1 dozen biscuit pastry cases.

Combine sugar and flour, blend with milk. Cook over boiling water, stirring well, for 15 minutes. Add butter, orange juice, rind, and egg-yolk. Cook for 2 minutes. Beat well. Cool, pour into pastry cases. Garnish with piped meringue or cream.

Now try these!

They're prizewinners in our popular best recipe competition.

A QUEENSLAND reader wins the first prize this week for a delicious open pie. She will receive £1 in cash for her attractive recipe.

Now send along your home-tested favorite. It may win you first prize next week, or one of the consolation prizes.

All you have to do is write out your recipe clearly, attach your name in block letters and mail to us.

GLAMOR PIE

Short pastry, 2 bananas, 1lb. ripe blackberries, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 2oz. loaf sugar, 1oz. castor sugar, 1oz. gelatine, 1 breakfastcup water.

Line a deep tart tin with pastry, lay a piece of greaseproof over pastry, and fill with rice to prevent rising in centre. Bake in moderate oven, remove, and leave till cold.

Peel and slice bananas, put in a basin, sprinkle with castor sugar and lemon juice and allow to soak for 1 hour. Boil loaf sugar and water for 10 minutes, and add blackberries. Cook gently till tender, stir in gelatine (soaked in a little water) till dissolved. Leave till cold. Arrange banana slices around pastry case and fill centre with blackberries. Pour in syrup and leave in cold place till set. Serve cold with or without cream.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. Frank Coleman, Goomeri, Kingaroy Line, Qld.



MAKE PATTIES of mashed potato, place on grilled slices of tomato and mushroom. Top with a "rose" of potato decorated with parsley. Slip potato patties under grill before adding tomato, etc. Delicious!

ORANGE GOSSAMER PIE

One cup sugar, 1 cup orange juice, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 2 tablespoons butter, 3 eggs, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 cup flour, grated rind 1 orange.

Mix sugar, flour, salt and rind, add the strained fruit juices and cook over boiling water 10 minutes. Stir till thick, add butter and lightly-beaten egg-yolk, and cook 2 minutes. Cool and turn into a deep, baked pie shell. Beat egg-whites till frothy, mix in 6 tablespoons sugar and 1 teaspoon baking powder. Beat till quite stiff, spread over pie and return to oven to brown for about 10 minutes.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Joyce Hope, 18a Ness Avenue, Dulwich Hill, N.S.W.

CHIFFON SUNDÆ

Dissolve 1 tablespoon gelatine in 2 cups of water, add 3 dessertspoons hot sugar, juice 2 lemons, and dash cochineal.

Cut a stale sponge cake (small)

into squares and line bottom and sides of a shallow dish. Cut up 3 bananas and arrange on top of sponge cake. Cover with passion-fruit pulp.

When jelly is partly set, pour on the sponge cake and fruit bed, and put away to set firmly. Serve with whipped cream, chopped nuts, and crystallised cherries.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Olive Thomson, George St., Moonta, S.A.

PEANUT PRUNE STEAK

One and a half pounds topside steak, cut in thick slice with pocket, 1½ cups soft, white breadcrumbs, 1 egg, 1 cup sliced prunes, 1 cup chopped peanuts, 1 dessertspoon melted butter, 1 teaspoon mixed herbs, salt and pepper.

Lay steak in baking dish. Have ready all ingredients, mixed together. Add beaten egg, put all in pocket of steak. Fasten with skewer, place dripping in dish, cover, and bake 1 hour. Or, if preferred, can be cooked casserole style.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Alex McKee, 166 Nicholson St., Bairnsdale, Vic.

GINGER CORDIAL

Half-pound seeded raisins, juice of 1 grapefruit, 1 orange, 1 lemon, inch length of cinnamon bark, 4oz. granulated sugar, 1 pint boiling water, 1lb. sugar, rind of 1 lemon, 1oz. bruised ginger, 1 pint cold water.

Put raisins in a basin, add strained juice of the 3 fruits, cinnamon, and granulated sugar, and pour on boiling water, stir well. Cover basin, put aside to cool. Meanwhile, put 1lb. sugar into a saucepan, add thinly-pared rind of lemon and bruised ginger. Pour over the cold water. Stir well over a gentle heat until it boils, then let it simmer until mixture becomes syrupy.

Pour in the raisin mixture, stir well, then strain through a sieve. Return to saucepan, bring to boil again, and let boil 1 minute. Then pour into clean bottles and cork securely. Use about 1 tablespoon syrup to a tumblerful of hot or cold water.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss J. Sice, 155 Young St., Parkside, S.A.

For young wives and mothers

TRUBY KING SYSTEM

Importance of milk

MILK is the most important single article of food for the maintenance and health of both child and adult.

One of the "protective" foods, it is one of the richest sources of calcium and phosphorus—two very important minerals needed for body-building. Not only does it contain these important minerals, but there are other elements found in milk and milk products which are very important to the child in all stages of its development.

A leaflet dealing with this subject has been prepared by The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, and a copy will be forwarded free if a request with an enclosed stamped addressed envelope is forwarded to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4098WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

Please endorse your envelope, "Mothercraft."



STOCKINGS are as precious as gold, so remember that a stitch in time may save you a bagful of ladders. Carry a snippet of cotton and needle in your purse. No load.

Miss Precious Minutes says:

YOU'VE heard of all sorts of cures for mildew. Here's another: Soak affected spot in kerosene for 24 hours, then wash in warm, soapy water.

WHEN my wonder chore-lady runs out of bath-cleaner she doesn't moan. Instead she mixes the juice of a lemon with 1 pint of methylated spirit, rubs this well over bath and then washes it with warm water and soap.

MY enterprising friend boils a bundle of camphor laurel leaves in water—4 large handfuls to the quart. Resultant liquid is put in

the atomiser and sprayed into linen cupboards and wardrobes.

YOU keep your cheese under cover, don't you? And yet it tricks you sometimes by going mouldy. To prevent this put a couple of lumps of sugar under the cover, too.

LIKE me, I guess you sometimes forget to clean your tennis shoes until the last minute. So you apply the cleaner hurriedly and sally forth in wet shoes. But here's a tip: Mix the cleaning agent with methylated spirit. They'll dry in a jiffy.



SH! he's fast asleep



"You don't know how good it is to see Harry fast asleep at last. For months now he's been struggling to do his work—and they've been giving him more and more to do at the office. He says he's been doing the work of three men since they called up the younger men for service! Working day and night—that's been the trouble. That's what started him off, all this extra work and worry, and of course it got worse and worse when he couldn't sleep. You can't work well if you don't get deep, restful sleep! Thank goodness I tried him on Horlicks. He's been having it for a week now, a hot cup every night before bed, and just look at him sleeping like a baby!"

During sleep your body and mind should be completely rested and restored, so that next day you wake alert and

brimful of energy. If your sleep doesn't "mend" you in this way you just can't do your best and feel your best.

Horlicks will help you to get that deep sound sleep that is truly restoring. Horlicks has such a soothing and quietening effect. In addition, it has the advantage of being highly nourishing, and so easy to digest that it puts no strain on the stomach during sleep.

Horlicks is made from malted barley, wheat and full-cream milk—one of the best protective foods.

Horlicks is rich in protein, fats, carbohydrates and mineral salts and vitamins that build radiant vitality. If you are suffering from lack of sleep get a tin of Horlicks to-day. Drink Horlicks hot before bed. Have deep restful sleep to-night, to-morrow night and every night from now on. Horlicks is only 1/4 and you can get a big economy size for 2/9. (Prices slightly higher in the country.)



HORLICKS for deep restful sleep



H.L.



WHEN EUSTACE FIRST SAW ANNABELLE HIS THOUGHTS TURNED STRAIGHT TO MARRIAGE



SO TALL, SO SLIM, SO PINK-AND-WHITE AND SUCH A LOVELY CARRIAGE



THE DAY HE SAW HER HANDS ALL GRIMED HIS HEART DROPPED LIKE A ROCKET



BUT ALL WAS WELL, FOR ANNABELLE HAD SOLVOL IN HER POCKET

YOU'LL BE WEDDED to Solvol once you find how quickly that rich, penetrating lather chases out stubborn dirt and gets hands smooth and white! Yet Solvol's thoroughness gives away nothing to its gentleness—its silky lather is as gentle on your skin as a fine toilet soap.



Whenever you wash your hands use **SOLVOL**

J. KITCHEN & SONS PTY. LTD.

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Today

IS THE TIME TO PLAN TO-MORROW'S KITCHEN



FORTIFY your morale with a dream of happiness for a day that will break . . . this year . . . next year. Resolve upon it that this is the kind of happiness you want. Let it be an old kitchen re-modelled or a new one, to whatever dimensions, to whatever colour scheme, here is the sparkling cleanliness, the ultra efficiency, the appeal of economy and

the convenience of ample space, bestowed by the most famous name in the electrical world — **HOTPOINT**. Refrigerator, Range and Dishwasher, Toaster, Jug and Mixer, in their peerless appearance will give a new found joy of living. Why then not plan to-day for the things you want to-morrow.



Hotpoint

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We warn you, he may say:

"SORRY, NO STOCKS"

—You may not be able to obtain certain Hotpoint appliances immediately. Many of the raw materials and men normally employed by Australian General Electric to manufacture the famous Hotpoint Electric Servants are now needed for armaments and vital services. The country's needs come first, you know.

H.B.A.